ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S ROAD TO HOLLYWOOD
PETER GREEN

CHINA DISCOVERS AFRICA
STÉPHANIE GIRY

WWW.TNR.COM ▶ NOVEMBER 15, 2004

THE NEW REPUBLIC

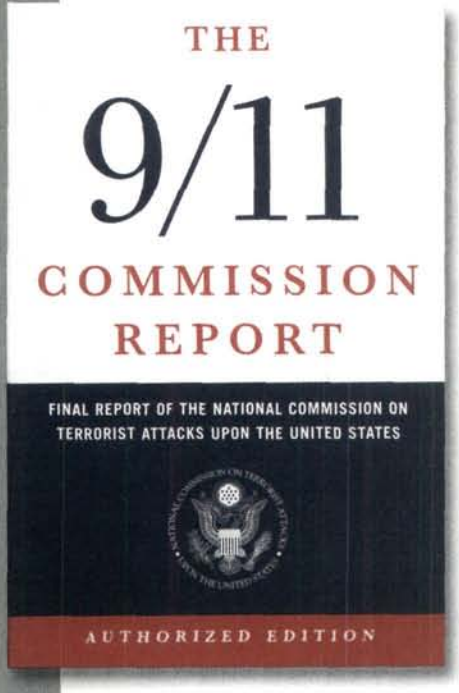
DESPAIR AND STRATEGY

#DXNRTKG ***AUTO**5-DIGIT 94301
#907010000005544422# 0439 14MAR05 16
RON K UNZ 0001
371 3067-5
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

$3.95US $3.95CAN 44
0 71486 01742 4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For far too long, rumors have been accepted as truth. The impartial, bi-partisan conclusions of the 9-11 Commission finally reveal the facts.



On accusations of support for Al-Qaeda...

"...we have found no evidence that the Saudi government as an institution or senior Saudi officials individually funded the organization."

On allegations of clandestine flights and political favors...

"First, we found no evidence that any flights of Saudi nationals, domestic or international, took place before the reopening of national airspace.... Second, we found no evidence of political intervention."

"...no one with known links to terrorism departed on these flights."

On charges of too little, too late...

"The CIA learned in the spring of 1998 that the Saudi government had quietly disrupted Bin Ladin cells in its country that were planning to attack U.S. forces.... They had arrested scores of individuals with no publicity."

Strong Allies. Committed Friends.

THE PEOPLE OF SAUDI ARABIA

For more information on the 9-11 Commission findings, visit www.saudiembassy.net

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARTIN PERETZ

EDITOR Peter Beinart
LITERARY EDITOR Leon Wieseltier
EXECUTIVE EDITOR J. Peter Scoblic
MANAGING EDITOR Jeremy Kahn
FOREIGN EDITOR Joshua Kurlantzick

SENIOR EDITORS
Jonathan Chait, Jonathan Cohn, Michelle Cottle, Michael Crowley, Gregg Easterbrook, Franklin Foer, Ruth Franklin, John B. Judis, Lawrence F. Kaplan, Ryan Lizza, Noam Scheiber, Andrew Sullivan, James Wood, Jason Zengerle

LEGAL AFFAIRS Jeffrey Rosen

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Adam B. Kushner

TNR ONLINE
Richard Just, Editor
Christiane Culhane, Culture Editor

FILMS Stanley Kauffmann
THEATER Robert Brustein
ART Jed Perl
MUSIC David Hajdu
ARCHITECTURE Martin Filler
DANCE Jennifer Homans
TELEVISION Lee Siegel

POETRY EDITOR Glyn Maxwell

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS (Basic Books)
Chip Rossetti

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Fouad Ajami, David A. Bell, Paul Berman, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Nathan Glazer, Anthony Grafton, David Grann, Robert Kagan, Michael Kinsley, Charles Krauthammer, Jeremy McCarter, John McWhorter, Sherwin B. Nuland, Christopher Orr, David Rieff, Maggie Scarf, Ronald Steel, Cass R. Sunstein, Alan Taylor, E.V. Thaw, Helen Vendler, Michael Walzer, Sean Wilentz, Alan Wolfe, Robert Wright

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Jack Coughlin, David Cowles, Vint Lawrence, David Schorr

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS
Massoud Ansari, Hassan Fattah, Masha Gessen, Yossi Klein Halevi, Janine Zacharia

ART/DESIGN DIRECTION
Joe Heroun, Christine Car/H2C Media

EDITORIAL-CORPORATE COORDINATOR
Laura E. Obolensky

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR AND INFORMATION-TECHNOLOGY DIRECTOR
Bruce Steinke

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Henry Riggs

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Spencer Ackerman, Kara Baskin, Clay Risen

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
Alexander Barnes Dryer

ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR
Deborah Friedell

ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR Melanie Rehak

REPORTER-RESEARCHERS
Telis Demos, Tom Frank, Marisa Katz

PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER Stephanie Sandberg
GENERAL MANAGER Allen Chin
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR Lori Fleishman Dorr
ONLINE BUSINESS DIRECTOR Ari Gersen
ONLINE MARKETING MANAGER Emily Harkin

ADVERTISING SALES & MARKETING
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Richard Parker
DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING, WEST
Joan Stapleton Tooley
ACCOUNT MANAGER Julie Sturmak
PUBLISHING REPRESENTATIVE
Perry Janoski, Allston-Cherry, Ltd.
MARKETING MANAGER Kate Genser
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Alexandra Scott

TNR/ON SYMPOSIA ON PUBLIC POLICY
Joan Daly

FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION
ACCOUNTING MANAGER Debra Sotelo
ACCOUNTING ASSISTANT Vanessa Wilson
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Ginnie Lee
BUSINESS INTERN Jaime Pearlstine

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
ROGER HERTOG, Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ
MICHAEL STEINHARDT

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Updated daily. On the Web at www.tnr.com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

NOVEMBER 15, 2004 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,687 VOLUME 231

COVER STORY

Peter Beinart **6** **TRB | What Went Wrong?** Learning from defeat.

The Editors **9** **51–48** The right, and wrong, kind of despair.

Ryan Lizza **12** **Night Falls** On Tuesday afternoon, the Kerry campaign was euphoric. Then it all fell apart.

Michael Crowley **13** **Turn Around** On Tuesday afternoon, Republicans were terrified. Then it all went right.

John B. Judis with Ruy Teixeira and Marisa Katz **15** **30 Years' War** How, by emphasizing moral decline and the war on terrorism, Bush revived the GOP's post-Vietnam strategy—for now.

Jason Zengerle **16** **Blind Side** In Ohio, Democratic efforts to get out the black vote were undermined—not by Republicans, but by a more mundane group: poll workers.

POLITICS & THE WORLD

4 **CORRESPONDENCE**
Leon Wieseltier v. the settlers on the future of Israel, &c.

10 **NOTEBOOK** The good, the bad, and the weird of Election Day, &c.

Yossi Klein Halevi **18** **Jerusalem Dispatch: Rigor Mortis** Why Israel thinks a post-Arafat Palestine will mean more of the same.

Stéphanie Giry **19** **Out of Beijing** China is quietly becoming a major power in Africa. That's bad news for Washington—and for Africans.

Jeffrey Rosen **38** **WASHINGTON DIARIST | House Divided**

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Stanley Kauffmann **24** **FILMS | Revelations** *Sideways* finds humor in hopelessness; *Anatomy of Hell* offers unintended comedy.

Jed Perl **25** **ART | The Beauty Trap** The art world's current embrace of beauty has devastating implications.

Peter Green **28** **To Hellas and Back** The myth of Alexander the Great, from Cleitarchus to Oliver Stone.

Durs Grünbein **32** **POEM** | *To a Cheetah in the Moscow Zoo*

Michael Grunwald **33** **Swamp Things** *Skinny Dip* by Carl Hiaasen

COVER PHOTO BY *NewsCom/ZUMA Press/Don Murray*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FUTURE OF THE U.S.–SAUDI RELATIONSHIP

A DISCUSSION PRESENTED BY

TNR/

The New Republic's Symposium on Public Policy

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2004

9 A.M.–11 A.M.

THE REAGAN BUILDING
INTERNATIONAL GATEWAY ROOM
1300 PENNSYLVANIA AVE. N.W.
WASHINGTON, DC 20004

The U.S.–Saudi relationship has historically rested on fighting communism, ensuring the flow of oil and maintaining stability in the region. Is it time to re-examine the relationship? This conference will examine the fundamentals of the bilateral ties, explore its fault lines and debate new, more contemporary reasons for the relationship. Please join us.

MODERATED BY *THE NEW REPUBLIC*'S EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, MARTIN PERETZ

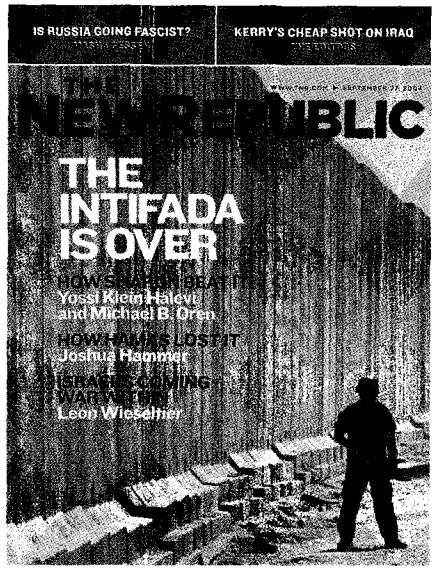
To RSVP or for more information, please call (202) 508-4441 or e-mail rsvp@tnr.com.

Sponsored by

THE PEOPLE OF SAUDI ARABIA
Allies Against Terrorism

www.saudiembassy.net

CORRESPONDENCE



FRIENDLY FIRE

LEON WIESELTIER WRITES THAT "THE settlers do not wish only to live on the ground where Jacob dreamed and Joseph was buried, they wish also to rule it" ("Extirpation," September 27). Perhaps that is because, when the Arabs have ruled it, they have prevented Jews not only from living in those areas, but also from worshipping at Jewish holy sites. During the centuries of Arab control of Hebron, for example, the structure atop the Cave of the Patriarchs, where many Jews believe Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and their wives are buried was transformed into a mosque from which Jews were barred. When Jordan occupied the Old City of Jerusalem, from 1949 to 1967, it allowed latrines to be placed only feet from the Western Wall and tore out the tombstones of Jewish sages in the nearby Mount of Olives cemetery for use in paving roads and in Jordanian army latrines. When the Israeli army withdrew from the area around Joseph's Tomb in October 2000, a Palestinian mob burned it to the ground and danced on the Torah scrolls while Palestinian Authority policemen looked on. Later, they rebuilt it—as a mosque. Some Palestinians think that Jews should be prohibited from praying in the Cave of the Patriarchs, the Tomb of Rachel, and the Tomb of Joseph. If the Palestinian Authority gains control of those sites, one must assume they will act as they have threatened.

MORTON A. KLEIN
National President
Zionist Organization of America
New York, New York

WITH CONTINUED MURDEROUS Palestinian trashing of the Oslo land-for-peace efforts, Wieseltier shakes his rhetorical fist at "the settlements," with only passing acknowledgement of ongoing Arab rejection of Israel defined by any borders. An acceptance of Ehud Barak's offer at the last Camp David meeting would have removed those settlements with certainty and with majority Israeli support. That puts the settlements and their "occupiers" clearly at the periphery of the problem. Unilaterally ceding land for continued killing will not end the killing, but will rather be, to Arab minds, further evidence of a destructible Israel in retreat. And, once relinquished, what land will Israel then trade for peace—Tel Aviv?

JAMES MICHAEL PRICE
Herndon, Virginia

I WAS OFFENDED BY WIESELTIER'S demonization of settlers. Settlers and settlements were vital in the establishment and protection of Israel. While it may be inadvisable for settlers to agitate verbally—and deeply immoral for settlers to agitate violently—it's gross for Wieseltier to claim they don't care about the soldiers who protect them. They themselves have demonstrated inordinate bravery, having often been the targets of attacks that likely would otherwise have targeted the interior of Israel. Aren't these lands disputed? And isn't there something tragic about the fact

Continued on page 37

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 231, Number 20, Issue 4,687, November 15, 2004. (Printed in the United States on November 4, 2004.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated April 12 & 19, June 7 & 14, July 5 & 12, August 16 & 23, September 13 & 20, November 29 & December 6, and December 27, 2004 through January 10, 2005) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Ginnie Lee at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). © 2004 by The New Republic, LLC. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hot Button Issues

If you can't wait to read the nation's most influential political & cultural journal each week, we understand. That's why subscribers to *The New Republic* are entitled to get a special bonus with their magazine.

The New Republic Digital. A fast way to get TNR ahead of schedule. Every week.

As a member of *The New Republic Digital* you'll get:

- A full digital PDF version of the print magazine available on Fridays, three full days before the issue hits newsstands
- All print content also available at *TNR Online* (www.tnr.com)
- Access to all web-only features on *TNR Online*
- Full access to archives dating back 5 years
- Politics and Books & The Arts weekly newsletters e-mailed to your home or office

To sign up for *TNR Digital*, go to www.tnr.com/digital

THE NEW REPUBLIC DIGITAL

You'll be the first to know.

tnr

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Went Wrong?

TRB FROM WASHINGTON

THE OTHER SIDE MAY BE euphoric, but the intensity of their happiness can't match the intensity of our despair. Honest conservatives, even those who admire President Bush, know he didn't earn a second term. They know he staked his presidency on a catastrophe, and that, by all rights, Iraq should be his political epitaph. Their victory, while sweet, can't be fully enjoyed because it isn't fully deserved.

Our despair, on the other hand, is undiluted. American liberalism is going into a deep internal exile. This will be, at least with regard to our public institutions, Tom DeLay's America—craven toward the economically powerful and vicious toward the economically weak, contemptuous of open debate and thuggish toward an increasingly embittered world. It would be comforting to believe the pendulum will naturally swing back. But, as my colleague Jonathan Chait has argued, the Bush administration and its allies have gone to great lengths to insulate themselves from democratic pressure, to make decisions in secret, and thus to prevent public opinion from forcing their hand. Already, the president is claiming a mandate for partial Social Security privatization and regressive changes in the tax code—even though he rarely campaigned on these issues and there is no evidence the American public voted for them. The pendulum will not inevitably swing back. It will have to be moved back by a political opposition that knows what it believes and knows how to fight for it.

For Democrats, the moment presents two dangerous, and opposing, temptations. The first, which will appeal to the party's practical wing, is to pander furiously to the culturally conservative voters who gave Bush his margin of victory. Of course, Democrats should show respect for the traditionally religious. In retrospect, the party should have been more wary of the New England political style, with its awkwardness about public declarations of faith. (Michael Dukakis should have been experience enough.) One of the great challenges in the coming years for the Democratic Party—a party that has just lost five senate seats in the South—will be to nurture a new generation of Southern Democratic politicians, since it is Southerners who most often possess an ease with overt faith that helps them connect to more religious voters, black and white.

But cultural sensitivity is one thing; principle is another. In their attempts to win rural voters, Democrats have already essentially abandoned gun control. That doesn't keep me up at night. But gay marriage is different. The fact that it is widely unpopular cannot obscure the fact that it is morally momentous and morally right. Liberals once lost elections for supporting civil rights as well and now look back on those losses as badges of honor. Eventually, since young people are far more tolerant of homosexuality than their parents, gay marriage will stop hurting Democrats at the polls. Until then, the party should try to win elections on other issues—and look forward to the day when conservatives apologize for trying to deny yet another group of Americans their full human rights.

The second, opposite, danger is that, instead of pandering to culturally conservative voters, Democrats—particularly upscale liberal Democrats—will revile them. This week's devastating loss may produce a spasm of liberal anti-Americanism akin to the conservative anti-Americanism that followed the failure to impeach Bill Clinton. Little could be worse for the Democratic Party than a surge of cultural elitism, something that has hurt it immeasurably over the years. It must be resisted ferociously.

Both of these impulses—to surrender to red-state values and to mock them—are diversions from the real work ahead. The path back to Democratic victory does not lie in cultural issues—it never has, and the best that can be hoped for in that arena is a draw. It lies in a more compelling economic agenda and a more convincing national security one. John Kerry spoke a lot about jobs in this election, and he pledged to protect popular government programs like Social Security. But, beyond his admirable health care plan, he offered no bold ideas for reducing the economic insecurity that terrifies so many working-class, middle-class, and even upper-middle-class Americans (see Jacob S. Hacker, "False Positive," August 16 & 23). It is true that Kerry failed to win back many lunch-pail, working-class former Democrats. But, instead of focusing merely on why those voters were alienated by the Democrats' cultural message, party strategists need to pay more attention to why they weren't attracted by its economic message.

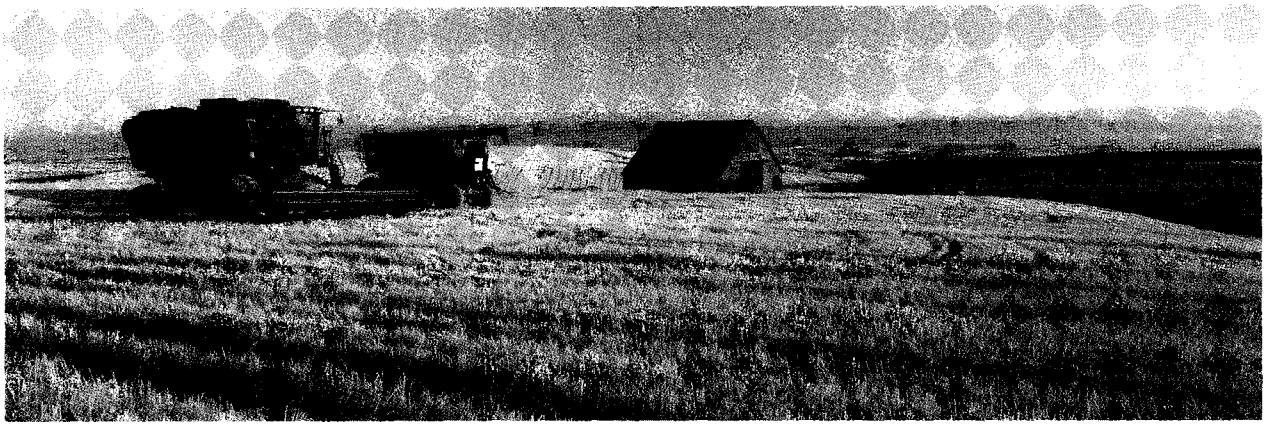
In foreign policy, the work is even more urgent. Kerry found his voice in mid-September with effective critiques of Bush's Iraq policy. But that is all they were: critiques. He devoted very little time to articulating his own vision of how to fight the war on terrorism. The belief that Kerry would match Bush on national security simply by citing his Vietnam service was a textbook case of Democratic incoherence and condescension. Kerry's war record said nothing about how he would fight Al Qaeda, and, to the Democrats' surprise, voters were smart enough to recognize that almost immediately.

Instead, voters took solace in Bush's clear sense of direction—even when they felt he made mistakes—and Kerry never provided a competing framework. He rarely spoke about his vision for bringing freedom to the Muslim world, thus ceding this terrain to Bush, who has done little in office to back up his rhetoric. The only principle Kerry talked about consistently was multilateralism—more a method of achieving foreign policy goals than a goal itself. For all his vaunted intellectualism, Kerry tried to project strength in the war on terrorism without projecting ideas, and, as a result, he gave culturally conservative voters yet another reason to vote against him.

The Democratic Party has been in the wilderness before. And it has returned to transform the country. Today's despair is so great it sometimes clouds out intelligent thought. And the fear of political oblivion can produce moral lapses. The challenge is to move from despair to strategy. And win the country back.

PETER BEINART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How things grow.

by the parent of operating companies who purchased over $5 billion of American commodities last year.

Good soil. The right weather. Long months of hard work. In the agricultural industry, you need them all.

But in the end, what you count on is a market. And we provide a significant one.

As the parent of Kraft Foods, Philip Morris International and Philip Morris USA, we are proud that our operating companies purchased over $5 billion of American commodities last year. Such as dairy products from Wisconsin and California for Kraft Natural Cheese. Grains from Illinois and Kansas for Post Cereals. Tobaccos from Kentucky and North Carolina for Marlboro and Virginia Slims. To name just a few.

Our operating companies make some of America's finest brands. To do so, they start by buying the finest agricultural products on earth. The ones made right here.

Because while our name might not mean much to you, it means everything to us.

Our name is Altria Group.

Altria

Kraft Foods
Philip Morris International
Philip Morris USA

altria.com

© Altria Group, Inc. 2004

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Insight.

> Analysis.

> Informed Opinions.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
The Power of Ideas.

Subscribe today at tnr.com/subscribe or call 1-800-827-1289

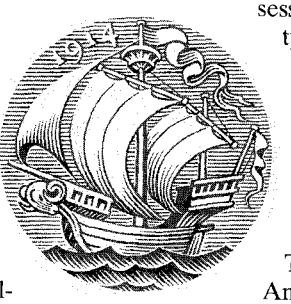
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

51–48

THIS HURTS. The convictions and the dreams of American liberalism have genuinely failed to carry the day; and so, for the sake of liberalism, but also for the sake of America, it is the hour for making discriminations among the varieties of despair.

There certainly are grounds for despair. In their first term, without a popular mandate, George W. Bush and Dick Cheney governed in a radically sectarian manner, in conformity with only the wishes of their hallowed base; and there is no reason to think that the popular mandate that they have now secured for a second term will provoke them to reconsider their virulence and their smallness and their indifference to the evidence of experience beyond their own. In the aftermath of this election, the president speaks about unifying the country, but he spoke that way in the aftermath of the last election, and he became the most spectacular disuniter of America in contemporary history. We must not expect the Bush administration to rise above its theology, its secrecy, its instrumental attitude toward the courts, its sympathy for the rich, its economicist approach to health care, its easy conscience about the exploitation of the environment, its belief in its own infallibility, its regular sensation of perfection. There is no sign that the Bush administration has any good idea about how to correct its course in Iraq or to put an end once and for all to Osama bin Laden; or that it regards anti-Americanism as a serious impediment to American values and American interests abroad. The Bush administration may now be expected to behave triumphally and (as the talking heads say) to move forward with its agenda. Hard times, brutish times, lie ahead.

But there is a kind of despair, a glamorous pessimism, that liberals must at all costs avoid. The cartography of the electoral college may show a continent of red with some blue lesions at the extremities; but the popular vote in the election of 2004 was 51 percent for Bush and 48 for Kerry, and those are not the numbers of a political or philosophical rout. Fifty-one to forty-eight: Those are the numbers, rather, of a conspicuously unclear and unthrilling Democratic candidate, whose advantage in money did not offset a disadvantage in authenticity. But the important point is that, all the healing pieties of the morning after notwithstanding, this is a country divided against itself about many matters of first principle. The diversity of worldviews upon which we pride ourselves is haunting us. In such a welter of fundamental differences, the work of argument and organization becomes even more necessary. American liberalism did not die on November 2. It merely lost an election.



There is honor, moreover, in a certain kind of loss. In our distracted and accelerated and gamed society, with its religion of winning, we sometimes forget this. But the many millions of Americans who believe that the tax code should be more fair; and that one of the ends of government is to bother itself about its neediest and least fortunate citizens; and that the morality of the market is not all the morality that a society requires; and that the Bible is not the basis of a democratic political order, or of our political order; and that robust stem-cell research, and science more generally, is a primary social good; and that gay marriage is a question of equality and not the beginning of the end of civilization; and that American troops must not be sent to war ignorantly or dogmatically, or without the means to win; and that the good reputation of the United States in the world is one of its most powerful historical instruments—the many millions of Americans who believe these things are not wrong. They are merely not a majority. But they are a very large minority.

This is not to say that the wounding outcome of this election should fill liberals with a sense of their own purity. Not everybody to the left of Bush is like everybody else to the left of Bush; and it would be catastrophic for the Democratic Party to wallow now in the sort of Michael Moore leftishness that made many Americans worry whether John Kerry was sufficiently obsessed with American security, and sufficiently excited about American power, to protect them at home and to promote their purposes abroad. (On the question of American power, the American people are right and Ted Kennedy is wrong.) An internecine quarrel must now begin. But it cannot begin where there is only alienation, and the self-fulfilling confusion of the Bush administration with the United States of America. This country is bigger than its every president. This Constitution is not easy to destroy. This is not the apocalypse. But it is the most formidable challenge to American liberalism in our time. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

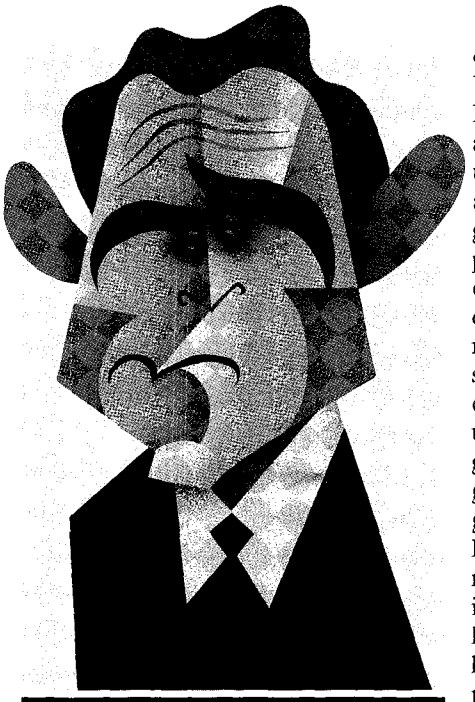
NOTEBOOK

Bush's Base Puts Him Over the Top . . . Tom Coburn Doesn't Need Any Help

KARL ROVE: VINDICATED

AT TIMES, WE SCOFFED WHEN Matthew Dowd or Karl Rove insisted the reason they were focusing on their base this year was that there just weren't many swing voters around. We scoffed even more every time a reporter took them at their word. The reason Dowd and Rove were casting their lot with their base wasn't because swing voters were so scarce. It was because, after almost four years of alienating them—with overt appeals to Christian conservatives, lavish and irresponsible tax cuts, and, most importantly, a failed war in Iraq—they didn't have much of a choice. (And because, after courting the GOP base for three years, Rove et al discovered it was none too happy when George W. Bush flirted briefly with centrism: Conservatives flipped out at the passage of the Medicare reform bill, at Bush's proposed immigration reform, and at his forgotten mission to Mars.)

But just because you do something out of necessity doesn't mean it's a bad idea. In fact, given that swing voters were so unlikely to vote for Bush, Rove's strategy of running up the vote in sympathetic precincts—particularly rural and exurban precincts in states like Florida and Ohio—turned out to be pretty savvy. In Ohio, for example, John Kerry ran well ahead of Al Gore in swing counties like Franklin (home of traditionally Republican-leaning Columbus). But Bush more than offset that with huge turnout relative to 2000 in Republican-heavy counties like Warren (near Cincinnati). In Florida, Bush ran well in the crucial I-4 corridor. But he ran especially well in the more rural and exurban counties in that area—like Lake and Polk—where turnout was also incredibly high. Bush won about 123,500 votes in Polk County this year versus about 90,000 in 2000. He won about 74,000 votes in Lake County this year versus about 50,000 in 2000 (see "Blind Side," page 16).



George W. Bush

Probably the biggest risk in relying on your base is that the slightest drop in intensity can depress turnout and cost you the election. Early last week, there were indications that this might be happening—one prominent evangelical minister sent two million devotees an e-mail Tuesday morning bemoaning Bush's recent stance in favor of civil unions. But, in fact, it looks like Bush's base turned out reliably. It was Kerry who couldn't close the deal with the swing voters. What Rove accomplished with his base strategy was to effectively shift the burden to Kerry: Rove was saying he'd take a relatively certain thing—a big conservative vote—and make Kerry beat him across the rest of the political spectrum. It looks like Kerry wasn't up to the challenge.

THE GOP'S GAY MOOD

IT'S TOO EARLY TO SAY WHY THE Republicans did so well Tuesday, but one strategic move may have worked better than anticipated: gay marriage. Based on the interviews we did outside a blue-collar district in the Detroit suburbs Tuesday, we can tell you that quite a few voters cited their opposition to gay marriage as one of their most important political issues. (Michigan was one of the ten states with a proposed constitutional amendment on gay marriage on the ballot.) And we're pretty sure that every one of those voters ended up supporting Bush. This surprised us. While we certainly read stories suggesting that gay marriage might energize the right, we don't recall hearing a great deal about it going into Election Day. But, while it is too soon to tell, gay marriage may have been instrumental in tipping the balance to Bush, particularly with so many Bush voters citing his moral qualities as a reason to support him.

What lesson do we take from this? The Democratic Party can't and shouldn't abandon the cause of rights for gay couples any more than it can or should abandon other civil rights causes. But Democrats clearly need to find a way to talk about these issues or overcome them. Simply avoiding them, as Kerry did, really doesn't seem to work.

OKLAHOMA WISDOM

U.S. SENATOR-ELECT TOM COBURN, who opposes abortion even in cases of rape, explains his position by pointing out that his great-grandmother was raped by a sheriff: "Under the mores we live under today, my lineage wouldn't exist." Rarely has an alternative vision of the present undercut the pro-life position more severely. But the lineage does exist, and, in the end, Oklahomans apparently decided that the cost of having Coburn in Washington was outweighed by the benefit of having him out of Oklahoma. So staffers at THE NEW REPUBLIC decided to take a closer look at our new neighbor.

DAVID COWLES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coburn, it turns out, is a man of definite views. The blame for slow investment in Oklahoma, for example, lies with "a bunch of crapheads in Oklahoma City." In a post–*Roe* v. *Wade* world, Coburn would "favor the death penalty for abortionists and other people who take life." And then there was the significance of his race against Democrat Brad Carson: "I would describe it as the battle of good versus evil."

Coburn is also uniquely attuned to threats that more complacent Americans might overlook. For instance, he recently warned that "lesbianism is so rampant in some of the schools in southeast Oklahoma that they'll only let one girl go to the bathroom. Now think about it. Think about that issue. How is it that that's happened to us?" So far, no one seems to have provided a decent answer.

When it comes to understanding the concerns of minority groups, Coburn has shown unusual sympathy—or, rather, an unusual kind of sympathy. Here is one example:

> If you're an African American male in this country, you die before the average . . . your average life expectancy is less than the retirement age of Social Security. How, what kind of plan is that, that we're gonna take from those because they had a genetic predisposition to have less of a life expectancy? You're gonna steal from them and give it to somebody else.

Sadly for Coburn, African Americans largely failed to appreciate the consideration. Others did, of course, and now Coburn's coming to town. As for what kind of senator he'll be, former President George H.W. Bush had this to say at a recent campaign appearance for Coburn in Oklahoma: "In Tom Coburn, you'll have a guy that talks in Oklahoma the way he votes in Washington." We think we get the idea.

ONE MAN'S GROUND WAR

RICK VALENZUELA WENT THE EXTRA mile to cast his vote Tuesday—1,200 extra miles, to be exact—riding an overnight Greyhound bus all the way from Little Rock, Arkansas, to Washington, D.C., to his polling place in Philadelphia's Chinatown. Valenzuela had tried to cast his long-distance vote the old-fashioned way, via absentee ballot, applying at the end of September. When the ballot still hadn't arrived on October 19, he called the city commissioner's office.

"A woman there verified my address and name and said I should sit tight, that my ballot had gone out that weekend," he said. But, when the ballot still hadn't arrived in Little Rock by last Friday, 31-year-old Valenzuela went into "panic mode." He called the commissioner's office again. The man on the phone said the ballot had been mailed weeks ago and blamed the delay on the postal service. Valenzuela said he believed the ballot would never arrive and asked what he should do. "It means you don't vote," Valenzuela remembers the man saying. "Best you can do is lodge a complaint, and we'll include it in the minutes of our next meeting."

Undeterred, Valenzuela paid $284 for a bus ticket and vented online, posting an angry account of his experience on Friendster.com, MySpace.com, and MyVote.tk, a website of his own creation that calls the bus fare a de facto "poll tax." As of noon Tuesday, Valenzuela's friends and sympathizers had already donated $160 to his PayPal account to help cover his bus expense. He has also filed a formal complaint through the Committee of Seventy, a local election watchdog group. Luckily, the last 20 feet of his 1,200-mile trip was expedited when he was allowed to skip to the front of a 15-person line. "What's your last name? They got two separate lines: A through N and N through Z," the poll worker explained as he ushered Valenzuela to the front. "We got to make sure the N through Z lady is working." Despite his difficult start, the rest of Valenzuela's voting experience went off without a hitch. After a minute or so behind the royal blue curtain, he was done.

DID RICHARDSON SCREW KERRY?

JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT ON THE EAST Coast, our correspondent returned from the clerk's office in Río Arriba County, New Mexico, having seen the vote totals with about a third of the precincts reporting. In a county that's 80 percent Democratic, the count was 5,000 votes for Kerry but 3,000 (or 37.5 percent of the total) for Bush. That margin ultimately stayed about the same for Bush. We asked the clerk why.

His answer was simple: religion. This area is heavily Catholic and also has plenty of evangelical churches. For the past month, people attending those churches have been hearing about stem-cell research, abortion, gay marriage, and a host of other social issues. Those issues have swung many northern New Mexico Democrats away from their usual voting patterns toward Bush.

Clearly New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson's decision to avoid serious, long-term campaigning for Kerry in northern New Mexico was a colossal blunder. Had Richardson spent more than a token amount of time in this area, he could have persuaded voters to look beyond those social issues to the economy, jobs, health care, and other core Democratic items. Instead, voters were left to themselves, and they listened to their religious leaders. The votes there might not have been enough to give New Mexico to Kerry, but they are indicative of what we saw throughout the night: The Kerry campaign may not have been in touch with what was really happening on the ground.

JOAN OF TNR

THIS WEEK MARKS THE TWENTY-fifth anniversary of the employment at TNR of the sweetest and most devoted (even ruthless, we like to think, when she is prosecuting our interests) person who ever walked into our offices. She is Joan Stapleton Tooley, who is currently billed as our director of West Coast advertising, but who, over the years, has occupied many positions of significance on our business staff. And she has also appeared in our pages as a writer. This magazine—its financial health and its spiritual well-being—is inconceivable without her. Her sunniness, her integrity, her acumen, her friendship, her humor, her encyclopedic command of American musical theater, her eternal youth: They are a part of the lore of the institution. When Joanie sells ads, she makes you wish you were an ad. Long may she flourish in our grateful company.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

DUE TO AN EDITING MISTAKE, Jeffrey Rosen's November 8 article, "Supreme Mistake," misstated the number of Supreme Court justices appointed by Richard Nixon. The number is four, not three. We regret the error. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberals (eventually) despair. Night Falls

BY RYAN LIZZA

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE EXPECTATIONS HAD gotten so out of control that, on Tuesday afternoon, we reporters gathered in the ballroom of the Fairmont Copley Plaza had already moved on to the second-, third-, and fourth-day stories. The exit polls seemed to show such a clear sweep of the battleground states for John Kerry that the news of his victory already seemed stale. What would the more solidly Republican Senate mean for Kerry's ambitious health care plan? Who would he appoint to replace ailing Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist? Most important, how could Kerry co-opt John McCain, a Republican frontrunner for the 2008 presidential election? Yep, it's true. We were already speculating about the dynamics of Kerry's reelection campaign. Some got to work on pieces about the transition. A newspaper reporter at a major daily polished an article about George W. Bush's concession speech. Now that we "knew" the winner, the whole campaign seemed so obvious. The Swift Boat attacks had come too early to do any real damage. The Clintonites added late in the campaign were geniuses. Karl Rove's base strategy was delusional.

A feedback loop between staffers and the media only reinforced the dangerously wrong conventional wisdom. Everywhere, Blackberries clicked and crackled as people beamed each other the addictive exit polls. With Kerry aides floating among the press corps, conversations evolved from "What are you hearing?" in the morning to "Are you moving to Washington?" in the afternoon. I compared notes with Jamie Rubin, a senior foreign policy adviser. He popped open a message on his PDA that showed two long columns of state abbreviations and numbers. The first line showed Kerry ahead by 17 points in one swing state. We agreed to swap any new numbers that came our way. The exit polls were like crack.

The mood among Kerry staffers was celebratory. VIP guests roamed the hotel lobby hugging and high-fiving. By the time Joe Lockhart briefed the press in the afternoon, the campaign had started to pivot toward a message that discouraged talk of litigation, recounts, or overtime of any sort. "We think the system has worked today," Lockhart said on Fox News. "There were thousands of lawyers deployed to make sure that no one tried to take unfair advantage, and, by and large, it's worked. I've seen very few reports of irregularities. . . . There's not much going on." They were so confident that they were preemptively striking at any Republican legal efforts to steal Kerry's victory.

THE MOOD SHIFTED markedly in the early evening. There were sudden bouts of déjà vu as aides realized that, in 2000, early exit polls had given Al Gore's high command the same false sense of optimism. "I can't believe I forgot," said one aide. It started to dawn on midlevel operatives that a Bush victory in Florida and Ohio would make all of Kerry's seemingly large margins in the smaller battlegrounds meaningless. "All we've done so far is hold the Gore states," said one Democratic strategist, echoing the newly realist tone. Aides to John Edwards experienced a particularly abrupt change in fortunes. Edwards had been doing last-minute interviews in Florida. When his plane took off for Boston, the political world was at its peak of pro-Kerry exit-poll hysteria. When he landed, everyone was coming down from their exit-poll high. "I can't take this. I have to get a drink," said one shaken Edwards adviser, watching CNN call states for Bush in the increasingly tense lobby bar.

At a certain point late in the evening, all signs of the Kerry campaign vanished. Many advisers deserted the Fairmont, with its swarming hordes of reporters, and retreated to the neighboring Westin, where much of Kerry's staff was ensconced. Our last official contact with the staff was around 12:30 Wednesday morning, when Mike McCurry and Lockhart cruised through the press filing center and made an unconvincing case that Kerry would carry Ohio. Soon, e-mails stopped being returned. There were no signs of the candidate himself. A reporter for *The Washington Times* on body-watch duty actually tiptoed close enough to Kerry's Beacon Hill mansion to catch a glimpse of the senator. "Mr. Kerry," he e-mailed other reporters, "with his unmistakable coif and profile, appeared in the window, clear as day. He passed back and forth and ducked down several times as if picking up papers off the floor. [I] watched him for several minutes but, alas, he has disappeared. There appears to be no more activity in that window."

The scene among supporters gathered for the victory celebration in front of the Boston Public Library was dreary. A light rain fell on the crowd. Many cameramen and producers, waiting around all day, had retreated underneath the scaffolding of the press riser for protection, an area that had taken on the look of a squatters' camp for the homeless. When the two giant TV screens flashed Tom Brokaw's visage at 1 a.m., the crowd collectively held its breath. "It's our projection that George W. Bush is the winner of the twenty electoral votes in Ohio," he said. The reaction was a spooky, almost total, silence. "We'll be back from Democracy Plaza," Brokaw said as he cut to commercial. A smattering of people yelled a short-lived and half-hearted chant of "bullshit." Al Franken, the liberal comedian and radio host, looked dumbfounded. "Shit," he said. NBC's coverage was zapped off, and a black gospel choir stepped onto the stage. The soloist sang an eerie, beautiful version of "God Bless America." The crowd watched in frozen silence as rain drizzled down.

When the choir finished, CNN's Judy Woodruff ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peared onscreen talking about Ohio. "Our analysts are saying that is not a comfortable enough margin to give them the confidence to call," she said. And, just like that, Kerry's dejected supporters became newly energized. "It's not over," said a volunteer to no one in particular.

BUT IT WAS. Whatever chance Kerry had to make up the 136,000-vote deficit in Ohio was dashed when his senior aides canvassed the county clerks' offices and learned that the provisional ballots upon which their hopes rested were dispersed across the state, not just in the Democratic counties. "There were only twenty-four thousand in Cuyahoga," a Democratic stronghold that went 67–33 for Kerry, campaign manager Mary Beth Cahill said later. Kerry's senior staff met until 4 a.m., and many counseled him to continue on. But the hard data made the call easy. "We reconvened at eight in the morning. The due diligence was done. We got the numbers," über-adviser Bob Shrum told reporters. "Once we got [the provisional ballot numbers from] Mahoning [County]"—which went 63–37 for Kerry—"it became clear there would not be enough ballots that would be in his favor," said Cahill. By 10 a.m., Kerry had made the decision to concede.

On Wednesday, Kerry's concession speech at Boston's Faneuil Hall felt like a wake. The whole cast of the Kerry campaign sat on hard wooden folding chairs below a giant mural of the great Massachusetts Senator Daniel Webster. Kerry's two daughters sobbed and hugged. Teresa Heinz looked oddly serene. (Did she ever really want to be first lady?) John Edwards sat at attention in the front row during Kerry's speech, making the practiced, conspicuous facial expressions of a politician who knows the camera may be shooting him at any given moment. His own short speech sounded like the kickoff to his 2008 presidential campaign. His mention of Kerry was almost perfunctory. But, lest anyone accuse him of being a disloyal Democrat, as Joe Lieberman was tagged in this year's primaries, aides say that Edwards was one of the diehards advising Kerry to take the most aggressive Ohio strategy available, even if it meant litigation. Ted Kennedy, who helped restaff the Kerry campaign last November after a leadership purge, was shell-shocked. Afterward, he and Shrum embraced. This was probably the last presidential campaign for the two men, who have been best friends since Shrum wrote Kennedy's famous 1980 concession speech. Like Kennedy, Shrum, now zero for eight in presidential politics, seems destined to be remembered for concession, rather than victory, speeches. Also hugging were McCurry and Lockhart, the two Clinton-era political gladiators who tamed the Kerry press corps. Their timing was impeccable. They joined the campaign late enough not to be blamed if Kerry lost but early enough to have been credited had he won.

Like Al Gore in 2000, Kerry was at his best and most gracious in defeat. In the mural behind him, Webster is speaking on the Senate floor during his 1830 debate with Robert Hayne of South Carolina over slavery and states' rights and secession. "Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" Webster famously proclaimed during the debate. The backdrop was a nice touch of symbolism on Kerry's part for a speech about bringing the country together. "In the days ahead, we must find common cause. We must join in common effort, without remorse or recrimination, without anger or rancor. America is in need of unity and longing for a larger measure of compassion." The Webster mural was also a reminder that, for all our bleating about how divided the country is, it's been a whole lot worse. (For those looking for even deeper metaphorical possibilities, Webster opposed the Mexican War and failed three times in his quest for the presidency.)

The speech over, Kerry's staff and family hugged and cried. Asked what she was going to do next, one of Kerry's exhausted senior aides seemed to sum up the general feeling: "I'm going to a bar and getting drunk." ■

Conservatives (eventually) rejoice.

Turn Around

BY MICHAEL CROWLEY

EARLY ON ELECTION DAY, you could see the Republican story line developing: bloggers steal election. As exit polls showing amazingly good news for John Kerry careened around the Web—widely enough to shake the U.S. stock market—panicky conservatives lashed out at what they saw as a rush to judgment that was biasing news coverage even before the polls closed. At *National Review Online*, writers fumed that the base was growing demoralized at the early numbers, potentially depressing turnout, and wondered if this might be phony data circulated by Kerry operatives. One poster argued that the way the exit polls were shaping early news coverage amounted to a "media debacle."

That didn't last for long. By night's end, it was Democrats—furious that Fox and NBC had called Ohio for George W. Bush—who were shrieking (again) about a stolen election. Republicans, meanwhile, felt vindicated—enough to stay at a Washington rally until six in the morning, when White House Chief of Staff Andy Card arrived amid the discarded signs and broken glasses to declare that George W. Bush had won a "decisive" victory. But it was a long and nerve-racking trip to get there.

ON TUESDAY NIGHT at the Capital Grille, the preferred Washington steak-and-martini hangout for Republican lobbyists and operatives, the mood was nervous. Thick cigar smoke swirled as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

restive Republicans drank surprisingly heavily for the early hour. On a television tuned to Fox, *Weekly Standard* Editor Bill Kristol was suggesting the Iraq war may have cost Bush the election. People shook their heads incredulously, and there was a note of bitterness in the air. "I hate Joe Lockhart. I hate him," someone snarled as the Kerry adviser popped up to spin.

Later, at the Bush campaign's victory party at the Ronald Reagan federal building on Pennsylvania Avenue, improving news produced a brighter mood. Hundreds of Republicans had crammed into a cavernous atrium under an enormous American flag and a huge TV screen. Republicans had hyper-managed their event to filter out bad news. The volume on the jumbo television (tuned to Fox, of course) was turned up when good news was being reported for Bush. Once, when Fox's Carl Cameron appeared on television to relay some Kerry campaign spin, the volume suddenly cut off, as Republican National Committee Chairman Ed Gillespie hopped onstage to make a few announcements.

Before long, good news started to roll in. Missouri and then Florida were called for Bush. Cockiness began to take hold. By 11 p.m., the banal modern country singer Darryl Worley declared to cheers, "Looks like we're going to win this thing, huh?" Even so, bitterness lingered over the exit polls. After Bush won Florida, I explained to a former White House aide in the crowd that I had received a call from a Democrat who was beginning to panic. "Good," she replied. "I've been there."

Republicans think their early anxiety might have been the result of a ploy by the Kerry campaign. I asked Bush campaign spokesman Scott Stanzel about the theory that aides had peddled unrealistic exit polls, hoping to create a sense of momentum, and he didn't disagree. "Whenever their reality has not been good for them, they have tried to push a fiction that shows them doing better than they were," Stanzel said. Another GOP aide insisted to me that, despite rumors circulating that Vice President Dick Cheney was melting down, there had been no panic within the Bush ranks, just bad blood over a sense that the Kerry campaign had tried to celebrate too early. This Republican said word had circulated that John Edwards was holding a private victory celebration early in the evening on the basis of exit polls from Florida. "That was pretty stupid," he said.

ON THE WEEKEND before the election, things had certainly looked good for Bush in southeastern Pennsylvania. I'd spent an afternoon following Kathy and Bill Stryker as they strolled through autumn foliage and knocked on doors. When the Strykers had picked up their door-knocking list, John Waldeyer, the GOP activist in charge of the local canvassing effort, told them they would be working from highly targeted voter information. "We're going for quality, not quantity," Waldeyer explained. The Republicans here weren't interested in banging on every possible door: They wanted to make sure they got their people out.

Our door-knocking was something of a trip through human misery: There was the man who squinted and whispered from agonizing migraines; the single mother whose husband had apparently fled; the man with Alzheimer's; the home for the disabled; the old woman about to start chemotherapy. But there may have been a political lesson as well. Though Bush ultimately lost Pennsylvania, this region was indicative of larger trends: The few swing voters we encountered intended to vote for Bush on security grounds.

Particularly striking was one woman who answered the door in a black sweatshirt that read CRAYOLA. Her husband had been working for a private security firm in Afghanistan for a year, she explained. "I have really been struggling with this. This morning I decided we really need strong leadership. And I really think, if we vote Kerry in now, we're going to send the wrong message to Islamic fundamentalists." She had no illusions about Bush: "I want to see him lose a little bit of his arrogance," she explained. "And his Christian fundamentalist agenda really bothers me. I feel very uneasy about some of his views. But I feel more uneasy about Islamic fundamentalism." That might have been the story of the election.

BY 12:30 A.M. Wednesday, Karen Hughes had taken the stage at the Reagan building and declared that Bush would win Ohio. Within an hour, it appeared she was right. Republicans who had been wringing their hands earlier were now drinking champagne, though still nursing their grudges at some in the media. "There was a sense that the press was rooting for Kerry," one administration aide told me, "and it seemed there were several instances where things were skewed against us." Reporters are right to be nervous about a second Bush term, he explained. "There are a lot of press [aides] who want to ... take revenge."

As the night dragged on with Ohio in brief limbo, a bizarre game of chicken unfolded with Bush refusing to deliver a victory speech until the networks declared him the winner in New Mexico. The network anchors were exhausted, but they held out, and Bush supporters and reporters slept in the Reagan building during the wait. Still, the mood remained triumphal. Around three o'clock in the morning, the giant television was airing commentary from Fox News' Chris Wallace, who declared, "It seems to me that the Democratic Party is in a shambles." The crowd roared with delight.

Bush never showed at the Reagan building. At close to 6 a.m., to the immense relief of everyone present, Card took the stage. "Good morning," he said to wry laughter. Although Democrats were still contesting Ohio, Card argued that Bush had won a "decisive" victory with more votes than any candidate in U.S. history and the first popular-vote majority since 1988. It sounded, in other words, like Card was declaring a mandate. By then, the notion of a bloggers' coup was a distant, ridiculous memory. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Bush went back to the 1970s.

30 Years' War

BY JOHN B. JUDIS WITH
RUY TEIXEIRA AND MARISA KATZ

GEORGE W. BUSH'S victory shows that the political strategy that conservative Republicans developed in the late 1970s is still viable. Bush won a large swath of states and voters that were once dependably Democratic by identifying Republicans as the party of social conservatism and national security. Massachusetts Senator John Kerry rallied a powerful coalition of minorities and college-educated professionals based in postindustrial metropolitan areas like Philadelphia, Chicago, and Los Angeles. In the future, this coalition may triumph on its own. But, in this election, Democratic successes in the Northeast, upper Midwest, and West could not make up for Republican successes in the South, the border states, the Southwest, and the Great Plains. Fittingly, the election was decided in Ohio—a state that combines the metropolitan North and the small-town South.

Bush's strategy evolved out of Republican travails during the long era of New Deal Democratic dominance. Republicans understood after 1932 that they could no longer win elections simply as the party of business. They had to attract working-class and middle-class voters. After World War II, many Republicans tried mimicking New Deal liberals, but, in the '70s, conservatives like Ronald Reagan and Jesse Helms instead appealed to white, working-class voters enraged by Democrats' support for civil rights, feminism, and peaceful co-existence with the Soviet Union. Reagan won landslides as the candidate of anti-communism and cultural conservatism. But, in the 1990s, with the end of the cold war, Bill Clinton, armed with a new centrism and a common touch, won back some of these Democratic voters. He also took advantage of the growing backlash against Republicans occurring among college-educated voters in metropolitan areas. In the Clinton years, the Deep South became almost uniformly Republican, but California, New Jersey, and Illinois moved into the Democratic column.

Bush has refashioned Reagan's strategy to revive the older Republican majority in the face of these defections. Like Reagan, he has appealed to business and the wealthy with tax cuts, but he has also presented himself as a simple Texan of conservative faith whose favorite philosopher is Jesus, able to appeal to voters who believe the country is in moral decline. And, because of September 11, he was able to rehabilitate the GOP's reputation as the party of national security. Although that rehabilitation was complicated by the failures of the Iraq war, Bush this year was able to reclaim the Reagan mantle and peel away traditionally Democratic white, working-class, rural and suburban voters.

BUSH RECREATED THE Reagan-era coalition by combining Brooks Brothers and Wal-Mart, the upper class and the lower middle class. He won wealthy voters—those who make over $200,000—by 63 to 35 percent. But he also won voters who had not completed college by 53 to 47 percent. If minorities, who voted predominately for Kerry, are excluded, Bush's margin among working voters was even higher. He reached these voters, who made up the bulk of his support, through opposition to gay marriage and abortion and through patriotic appeal as the commander-in-chief in a war against terrorism that seamlessly unites Osama bin Laden with Saddam Hussein. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, Bush's voters accorded the most importance to "moral/ethical values" and "terrorism/homeland security" in deciding their vote.

Kerry's Democratic coalition, by contrast, was composed of low-income minorities and upscale, college-educated professionals—two groups that, not coincidentally, were the least likely to accept the president's contention that the Iraq war was part of the war on terrorism. In national exit polls, Kerry got about 70 percent of the nonwhite vote. He tied Bush among voters with college degrees and bested him by 55 to 44 percent among voters who had engaged in postgraduate study. Kerry's voters, as one might expect, cared most about jobs and the war in Iraq. Luckily for Bush, however, voters without degrees still outnumber those with them. In Colorado, Kerry won voters with college degrees by 50 to 48 percent and those with postgraduate study by 55 to 43 percent. But Bush, by winning voters without degrees by 58 to 41 percent, was able to carry the state fairly easily.

Through his moral and martial appeals, Bush also won rural voters—once a Democratic constituency—by 59 to 40 percent. And he did extremely well among exurban voters. Bush couldn't win back states like New Jersey and California, but, through his emphasis on religion and family values, he strengthened the Republican hold on the South and won states that had gone for Clinton, including Kentucky, West Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Ohio. Much of the white working class in these states consists of evangelicals who live in small towns. According to a National Annenberg Election Survey, Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, and Ohio are among the top 15 states in percentage of white, born-again, evangelical Protestants. By opposing gay marriage and abortion, Bush formed a majority coalition that combined these voters with traditionally Republican farmers and businesspeople.

Kerry won not just big cities, but most of the large metropolitan areas dominated by professionals and immigrants. Kerry did very well in the West, Northeast, and parts of the Midwest because of the growth of high-tech metro areas. Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, and New Hampshire are now solidly in the Democratic fold. Illinois, New York, and California have become as thoroughly Democratic as Mass-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achusetts. But, outside these states, Kerry's support among urban voters failed to carry the day. In North Carolina, Kerry actually did better than Al Gore in the state's key metro areas—Gore lost Charlotte's Mecklenburg County in 2000, but Kerry won it 52 to 48 percent. Nevertheless, Bush again won the state by about 13 percent, because he slaughtered Kerry outside Charlotte and Raleigh-Durham, winning 64 percent in the Greensboro area, 60 percent in the rural, small-town east, and 59 percent in the mountain west.

Kerry's troubles extended to the battleground states that contained significant numbers of evangelical and rural voters. While Kerry took metropolitan South Florida and Orlando's Orange County, Bush won the Sunshine State largely because he was able to increase his margin from 2000 in rural and exurban counties, particularly outside of Tampa and Orlando. In Hernando County, for example, Bush won 6 percent more of the vote than he did in the last election. Kerry did better than Gore in Ohio's Franklin County, where Columbus and Ohio State University are located, but he failed to build on Gore's margin in greater Cleveland. Meanwhile, Bush enjoyed high turnout among evangelicals in southeast and southwest Ohio. He got 65 percent of the vote in Butler and Preble counties in the southwest and 58 percent in Washington County in the southeast. And he carried Cincinnati's Hamilton County with over 53 percent.

BUSH DESERVES SOME credit for his success in this election. Since World War II, incumbents have only lost when they have faced challenges within their party. That was George H.W. Bush's problem. But his son oversaw a united party in spite of considerable grumbling among conservatives in Washington about his foreign policy. Bush has also continued to enjoy support from his initial success against Al Qaeda and the Taliban, particularly among white, working-class voters. Bush, they often say, makes them feel "safer."

But Bush was also fortunate in his opponent. John Kerry was an able debater, and his experience in Vietnam and on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee partially neutralized arguments that would have been made against other Democrats like former Vermont Governor Howard Dean. But Kerry, an aloof New Englander, operated at a distinct disadvantage among white, working-class voters. Unlike Bill Clinton, he had trouble convincing voters that he "felt their pain." In interviews conducted on the eve of the election, we asked white, working-class Bush supporters in Martinsburg, West Virginia, what they thought of Clinton. Even those who praised Bush for his "family values" said they had voted for Clinton and thought he was an "excellent president." But it wasn't Clinton's politics they preferred; it was Clinton himself, despite the Monica Lewinsky scandal. Gore had exactly the same problem with these voters in 2000. The Democrats need to find a candidate that can talk to both PhDs and tractor-trailer drivers.

If they do this, the Democrats will be able to win presidential elections. Kerry, after all, came very close to winning this time despite his inadequacy as a candidate. Democrats showed that they can hold their own in states like Colorado (where Democrat Ken Salazar was elected to the Senate), Arizona, Nevada, and Virginia. In many of these states, demography is on the Democrats' side. Colorado is going to become more like California and less like Utah or Montana, and Virginia is going to become more like New Jersey and less like South Carolina. The future of Ohio is Franklin County, not Butler County. Democrats also showed that they can compete in raising money without relying on corporate contributions and that the Internet is an important vehicle for organizing.

Bush himself is likely to suffer the malaise and confusion that has beset every second-term president since Franklin Roosevelt. The suppressed revolt over foreign policy in his party is likely to break out. As a lame duck, he will have to contend with a House leadership unwilling to be pushed around. And he will be faced with decisions—including appointments to the Supreme Court—in which he will have to choose between infuriating his core constituencies or inciting more GOP defections in states like Colorado and Virginia. Bush got himself elected by waging a successful culture war; but that is not going to help him in Washington—or around the world—for the next four years. ■

Why Cleveland fell short.
Blind Side

BY JASON ZENGERLE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

IT'S 4:15 IN the afternoon on Election Day, and Desmond Jones and Prophet Seay are speeding toward a polling place at an elementary school on Cleveland's predominately black East Side. They are two of the more than 500 African American canvassers that the Ohio Democratic Party has enlisted to get out the black vote here, and their mission at the moment seems simple enough: Obtain a list of all the people who have already voted in that precinct, something the poll workers are required to post twice on Election Day, first at 11 a.m. and then at 4 p.m. But the poll workers at this precinct failed to post the list in the morning, and the hunch at John Kerry's local headquarters in the affluent suburb of Shaker Heights is that they won't post an afternoon list, either. That is presumably why the brain trust running Cleveland's African American get-out-the-vote (GOTV) effort has put Jones and Seay on the case.

As two of the more personable—and, frankly, handsome—canvassers, the thinking seems to be that the duo might be able to charm the predominately female poll

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

workers into giving them a peek at the list. Sure enough, Jones, a spoken-word poet with a shaved head and a diamond stud in his left ear, begins to flirt with the woman in charge of the list. "I'm just here to see if you're doing OK," he says, dropping his voice to a low Barry White baritone. Meanwhile, Seay, an aspiring actor with coffee-colored skin and cascading dreadlocks, stands behind Jones and smiles. It only takes a few minutes for the poll worker to melt and hand over the list.

Cross-checking the names with their own roster of 104 voters the Democrats have targeted in this precinct, Jones and Seay make a discouraging discovery: Only 31 of their targets are marked down as having voted. But, a few minutes later, when Jones and Seay get on their cell phones and call some of those missing from the precinct's list to urge them to vote before the polls close at 7:30 that night, those people say they *have* voted already. It turns out that not only did the precinct's poll workers fail to post the voting list, but they also didn't keep an accurate tally of who voted. "There's not a lot you can do," one GOTV staffer later complains, "when they don't follow the simple rules."

Indeed, for all the fears about Republican attempts to suppress the black vote in Cleveland, either through dirty tricks—like spreading rumors that people with outstanding warrants or unpaid child support would be arrested if they showed up at the polls—or through an aggressive use of the Ohio law that allows challengers to contest the eligibility of individual voters, the biggest obstacles the Democrats' African American GOTV efforts faced here were of a more mundane, bureaucratic variety. "Our worst fears weren't realized," says one Democratic lawyer who worked on voter-protection efforts here. "It was the kind of thing you usually expect—long lines, broken equipment, poorly trained poll workers—that caused the biggest headaches." Ultimately, those headaches weren't enough to stymie the African American GOTV effort in Cleveland; it actually exceeded expectations. But it was not sufficient to counter unprecedented Republican turnout elsewhere in Ohio and propel Kerry to victory.

If KERRY WAS going to win Ohio, the thinking among Democrats went, he had to turn out an unprecedented number of black voters in Cleveland. With that in mind, Democrats relied on an African American GOTV strategy never before tried in this city. Traditionally in Cleveland, African American GOTV efforts have started in earnest only the weekend before the election, when canvassers descend on the city's eleven predominately black wards, plus the predominately black suburbs of East Cleveland and Warrensville Heights. And, this year, the Democrats didn't entirely abandon that strategy—sending about 400 canvassers into those areas to go door-to-door on election day.

But the Democrats also implemented a more tailored program, consisting of about 100 canvassers like Jones and Seay, called the "African American Kerry Walkers" (AAKW). Led by a charismatic black turnout guru from Los Angeles named Greg Akili, the AAKW targeted 58,000 black registered voters who, according to election records, hadn't voted in the past four years. Three weeks before the election, the AAKW canvassers began knocking on those people's doors. By Election Day, they had come up with a list of about 18,000 black voters in Cleveland who hadn't voted in the past four years but who said they would go to the polls this time around. On November 2, it was the AAKW canvassers' jobs to make sure these 18,000 voted.

In many ways, the AAKW canvassers seemed uniquely suited to their task. Because of Cleveland's 12.5 percent unemployment rate—more than double Ohio's average—the pool of people willing to work for the $500 per week that Democrats were offering was unusually large and highly skilled. "These are a higher caliber of canvassers," explains Larry Parks, one of the out-of-state consultants working on the AAKW program. "They have good work ethics, they're smart. In a better economy, they'd have work." And the conditions for accomplishing their goal seemed uniquely propitious. News of the Ohio Republican Party's attempts to challenge 23,000 new voter registrations—many of them in predominately black precincts—and to place challengers in the polling places inflamed Cleveland's black voters who, if they weren't initially inclined to vote because of lukewarm feelings about Kerry, were now eager to go to the polls as an exercise of their civil rights. "African American folks have withstood slavery, withstood Jim Crow, and we can withstand any challenger," Cleveland's African American Representative Stephanie Tubbs Jones declared the day before the election.

But Election Day brought its own set of challenges. First, there was the weather—a drenching rain and a howling wind battered Cleveland from the moment the polls opened at 6:30 Tuesday morning until the moment they closed at 7:30 that night. The AAKW canvassers tried to compensate, handing out cheap plastic ponchos to voters, but Democratic aides fretted that the inclement conditions kept some voters at home. Then there were the lines at the polls, caused primarily by poorly trained poll workers and broken ballot machines. At some polling places in Cleveland, especially in the morning, people had to wait up to two hours to vote. The Democrats dispatched Jesse Jackson, who was in town, to convince people to stick it out in line; Cam Kerry and Larry David, who briefly stopped in Cleveland before heading to Boston, performed similar duties. But, Democrats conceded, some people on those lines inevitably went home without voting.

Finally, the biggest challenge facing the AAKW canvassers was the poll workers' refusal, in a number of instances, to keep track of and reveal which individuals had voted. The whole point of the AAKW program was to pinpoint specific voters and therefore achieve a higher yield. "Instead of visiting ten houses, [a canvasser] could check the list and see that six of those ten houses had already voted," Akili explains. "He could then visit the other four who hadn't and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then keep going and keep going and only hit people who hadn't voted. ... This whole system is designed to knock on the right door and talk to the right person." But, without an accurate tally of who actually voted, AAKW canvassers frequently wasted their efforts on people who had already been to the polls. While one member of the AAKW team had predicted close to a 100 percent yield, in the end, the program turned out between 8,000 and 10,000 of its 18,000 targeted voters, according to early estimates.

Of course, those numbers are nothing to scoff at, nor are the results from the overall Democratic GOTV effort in the Cleveland area—where turnout was up 8 percent and 65,000 votes from 2000—and where Kerry beat Bush by more than 215,000 votes. Indeed, some Democrats in Cleveland maintain (somewhat unfairly, it must be said) that, if their colleagues' efforts had yielded similar results with the party's base in the white, blue-collar areas of Ohio, Kerry might have been able to win the state.

That obviously didn't happen. Instead, thanks to a highly successful Republican turnout drive in rural areas, such as Clark County—which Bush lost to Gore by 324 votes in 2000 but carried this time by over 1,600 votes—Bush increased his vote totals statewide by nearly 445,000 over 2000 and beat Kerry's ground game. So, on the day after the election, Democrats here are engaging in a more personal, introspective kind of Monday morning quarterbacking. "We did everything we set out to do, and we exceeded all of our goals," Akili says, sitting on a bench outside a glum Kerry headquarters as he prepares to head to the airport with some colleagues. "But our goals might not have been high enough. I just don't know if Cleveland had much more to give." ■

Jerusalem Dispatch

Rigor Mortis

BY YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI

Yasir Arafat buried the political careers of three Israeli prime ministers, Ariel Sharon liked to tell confidants, referring to Yitzhak Rabin, Shimon Peres, and Ehud Barak. But, Prime Minister Sharon would add, he won't bury me.

With Sharon's goal of outlasting Arafat seemingly close to fruition, there's satisfaction in the prime minister's office, but little joy. That's because the new Palestinian leadership that succeeds Arafat almost certainly won't deliver on Israel's nonnegotiable demands for renewing peace talks: disarming terrorists and dismantling their operational command. True, Mahmoud Abbas, the former Palestinian prime minister and now acting head of the PLO, has called the intifada a tactical, if not a moral, mistake. And the aging, uncharismatic bureaucrats who have assumed control of the Palestinian Authority (PA) will likely tone down the jihadist incitement. Unlike Arafat, Abbas is unlikely to be depicted in murals as Saladin on a white steed, or to invoke the chairman's rhetoric of a million martyrs marching on Jerusalem.

But the post-Arafat PA won't disarm Hamas and Fatah's Al Aqsa Martyrs Brigades. Instead, the PA likely will offer Israel yet another cease-fire. For Sharon, that's the worst of all possible options. A cease-fire would allow terrorists to recover their losses through renewed recruiting and thus hold Israel hostage to the threat of renewed terrorism. Meanwhile, international pressure would demand Israeli concessions to strengthen the new Palestinian leadership.

Given this grim possibility, Sharon's plan is to try to deflect that pressure by proceeding even more vigorously with his unilateral withdrawal, granting the Palestinians a ministate in Gaza that would test their ability to control terrorism and manage a government. If the Gaza experiment works, and a stable leadership disarms terrorists there, Sharon would begin negotiations over withdrawal from parts of the West Bank in exchange for an interim peace agreement.

It's far more likely, though, that this period following Arafat's incapacitation—though the frail Palestinian leader may yet survive, he appears seriously weakened and may never regain his control over the PA—will be marked by bloody power struggles within the PA. These would pit rival Fatah factions headed by local warlords against the old PLO "Tunis" elite that accompanied Arafat back to Gaza from exile.

This infighting could be followed by an even more violent power struggle between Fatah and Hamas. In fact, the opening shot of the succession war has already been fired in Gaza, with the recent attempted assassination of its new security chief, Moussa Arafat, the chairman's cousin and a rival of Gaza power broker Mohammed Dahlan. "We don't expect anything good to happen in the PA in the foreseeable future," says one Sharon aide. "And so unilateral withdrawal will give the Palestinians time to work out their new reality after Arafat. Either they will control terrorism and move to negotiations, or their state will disintegrate." Either way, Israel gains—by facing reduced terrorism or reduced foreign pressure (if the international community sees a Palestinian state fall apart because of Palestinian mistakes).

While the Gaza withdrawal may ease international pressure on Sharon, domestic critics are demanding an end to his unilateralist approach in light of Arafat's decline. *Yediot Aharonot*, the country's largest tabloid, recently editorialized that Sharon should scrap unilateral withdrawal and instead "seriously examine if he now has partners with whom he can negotiate a speedy political process that will create

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calm in the territories." Predictably, Oslo accords architect Yossi Beilin insists that all Israel needs to do now is finalize a deal with the new Palestinian leadership and end the conflict. Yet four years of terrorism have made a comprehensive peace impossible for the foreseeable future, both because Israelis won't trust the Palestinians to share Jerusalem and because no PA leader will waive the idea that Palestinian refugees should return to pre-1967 Israel. Indeed, during the failed Camp David negotiations in July 2000, Abbas was no less opposed than Arafat to compromising on refugee return. "Only Arafat had the authority to give up the right of return," a Palestinian journalist told me recently. "No other Palestinian leader will dare give in where he wouldn't. Arafat's legacy is a veto over compromise."

LIFE WITHOUT ARAFAT is inconceivable not only for Palestinians but also for Israelis. Since the late '60s, when he assumed control of the PLO, Arafat has been the measure of Israel's national mood. After the 1967 Six Day War, Arafat's terrorism campaign taught Israelis that not even their stunning military victory would bring them peace. After the 1973 Yom Kippur War, when he spoke to a standing ovation at the United Nations with a pistol holster on his hip, he symbolized the delegitimization of the Jewish state.

Finally, Arafat understood that the only way to defeat Israel was to divide it, and so he tempted Israelis with peace. It nearly worked: In the 1990s, he was depicted by the satirical Israeli puppet TV show "Hahartzufim" as a bumbling, almost loveable figure; following the Rabin assassination, Leah Rabin welcomed Arafat into her home but refused to shake hands with Likud leader Benjamin Netanyahu. Perhaps even more than for his terrorism, Israelis today despise Arafat for this deception, toying with their deepest longings and making them fear the word "peace" as synonymous with self-delusion.

Yet, as relieved as Israelis are to see him go, the problem is hardly Arafat alone. The Oslo process failed because Palestinian society denies the legitimacy of a Jewish state in any borders. Israel's Oslo architects believed legitimacy would result from peace; now, Israelis realize that legitimacy is a precondition for peace. And so one more Israeli demand for resuming negotiations will be ending anti-Jewish incitement in Palestinian schools and media. Beyond controlling terrorism, the real challenge of the post-Arafat era will be nurturing a changed Palestinian debate over Israel's legitimacy.

Arafat's intransigence not only forced compromise-minded Israelis to despair of co-existence; it also forced maximalists like Sharon to accept the separation of Israeli and Palestinian societies. In the same week that Arafat became all but politically irrelevant, noted one Army Radio broadcaster, the "old Sharon" disappeared with the Knesset's vote on Gaza withdrawal. The two leaders, she continued, shared eerily similar histories. Both were born in the late 1920s, as the Palestinian war on Zionism was beginning; both fought near Jerusalem in the 1948 war; and both denied any competing claim to the land. But, with his plan for unilateral withdrawal, she concluded, Sharon has withdrawn from his uncompromising war, "and it's as if Arafat had no one left to fight against and decided to withdraw, too."

So far, aside from tactical shifts, Arafat's heirs show little sign of withdrawing from maximalist Palestinian dreams. And now that Sharon is risking civil war to uproot settlements, he will have even less patience for Palestinian leaders who hide behind the fear of civil war as an excuse to avoid confronting terrorism. ■

China's Africa strategy.

Out of Beijing

BY STÉPHANIE GIRY

ALL SUMMER, THE U.N. Security Council debated whether to condemn the Sudanese government for supporting the murderous *Janjaweed* militias in Darfur. In July, it passed a weak resolution threatening sanctions against Khartoum. Then, in September, after the Bush administration labeled the massacres genocide, the United Nations passed another, similar, resolution threatening sanctions if the killing continued. Yet the United Nations did nothing more, even as the death toll rose in Darfur. On the campaign trail, John Kerry blasted the Bush administration for failing to push the United Nations to take a stronger stand. Editorials in nearly every major U.S. newspaper echoed Kerry's criticisms, denouncing the White House for watching Sudan burn.

Yet the Bush administration is getting more blame for Darfur than it deserves—and Beijing is not getting enough. Quietly but steadfastly, China's ambassador to the United Nations, Wang Guangya, has helped defang U.S.-sponsored drafts against Sudan, transforming language threatening to "take further action" against Khartoum into the more benign "consider taking additional measures." China then abstained from voting on even this weakened resolution, along with longtime ally Pakistan.

Beijing's goal? Probably to protect its investments in the Sudanese oil industry, including a 40 percent stake in a refinery pumping more than 300,000 barrels a day and a 1,500-kilometer pipeline from Sudan to the Red Sea. China's projects in Sudan are the pride of Beijing's new policy of prospecting for oil abroad—especially in Africa, where vast untapped fields could help fuel China, which recently became the world's second-largest oil consumer. In fact, by massively investing not only in African oil but also in African public works, telecoms, agriculture, and other sectors,

Continued on page 22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRISIS PLANNING IN SCHOOLS AND COMMUNITIES

Schools must be an integral part of any crisis plan in a community, and such planning needs to involve collaboration from all the critical players across the community. Schools are where we find nearly 53 million young people ages 5 to 17 attending more than 117,000 schools — public and private — and where 6 million adults work as teachers or staff on any given day. That translates into roughly one-sixth of the U.S. population who spend a good part of their day in a school building. We cannot afford to leave schools behind when developing overall community crisis plans. We must be aware that they are concentrated population centers; they are the centers of our communities for numerous events and activities — and they have been named soft targets for terrorism.

THE AUTHORS

DARRYL MOODY
Senior Vice President,
Homeland Security and Intelligence
BearingPoint Inc.

AND

CONNIE DESHPANDE
Senior Consultant,
Homeland Security and Intelligence
BearingPoint Inc.

LESSONS LEARNED

The deaths of scores of children in the August 2004 terrorist attack on a school in Russia have drawn focus on the vulnerability of schools throughout this country. While it's uncomfortable to think about the unimaginable, we know we must do it. This comes when schools already face tremendous challenges. But the reality of the 21st century includes terrorism. As stated by President Bush, "We are safer, but we're not safe." Terrorism is not going away; it is the new reality under which we all live. Schools can't do this alone.

There are places on the planet that have been fighting terrorism for more than 30 years, and where terrorists have struck the softest of targets — schools. In Turkey, between 1984 and 1997, 146 teachers lost their lives, 373 schools were destroyed and many children died as a direct result of terrorism. Crisis centers have been set up under the coordination of Turkey's Secretary of Security, and walls have been constructed around schoolyards to control entrances and exits.

In Israel, emergency regulations were in place during which time parents acted as guards in schools between 1974 and 1992. Between 1992 and 1995, the government made a decision to place professional guards in every school. In June 1995, school security was placed under the responsibility of the Israeli police as part of its general internal security. Since August 1995, extra guards have been placed at schools with large populations. Israeli police have identified five types of threats for schools: suicide bombers, car bombs at the entrance or exit of a school, close- or long-range shooters, bombs placed inside or near a school, and terrorists invading a school and taking or killing hostages.

On Sept. 11, 2001, in New York City, it was the third day of school. The plane crashes took place at 8:48 a.m. and 9:06 a.m., when the number of students at Ground Zero totaled approximately 5,600. Each school had safety plans unique to that school. Following the crashes, students were sent in all directions. Many walked 40 minutes north to a neighboring school, while others went west to the Hudson River where they were moved by boat, and some went south to Battery Park. Some schools had to revise their safety plans on the spot because the school they were directed to go to was at Ground Zero. Though all children got home safely, it clearly shows a need for collaboration and planning among many diverse community players — who might not even think they are related — to help ensure success in the future.

CHALLENGES

Consistent involvement of schools in community crisis planning is not as prevalent a practice as it needs to be. A challenge that might stifle communities from working together is the divisiveness that sometimes is associated with different funding streams available to a community. For example, a city mayor may think only about getting homeland security dollars for his or her city, and not on how to use those dollars in coordination with the needs of the entire community, including schools. When disaster strikes in a community, it affects us all, and accordingly, the spirit of this nation has traditionally brought us together to respond and recover — the last two stages of crisis planning. We must work together in the first two stages in crisis planning — prevention and preparedness — and have the prudence to understand that everyone working together before a large-scale event will be the difference between calm and chaos, between courage and fear, and between life and death after a large scale disaster.

The U.S. Department of Homeland Security has an office whose primary responsibility within the executive branch of government is to "build and sustain the preparedness of the United States to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reduce vulnerabilities, prevent, respond to, and recover from acts of terrorism." As of spring 2004, this office accomplished 260 combating terrorism exercises, including the Top Officials (TOPOFF) exercise series, and since 1998 has trained more than 315,000 emergency responders. Schools are responsible for updating their own crisis planning and drilling for disasters to ensure that everyone is prepared and knows their role. But on the larger level, any preparedness event in a community, such as large exercise preparedness drills, should incorporate schools and the large populous of people in them, particularly the precious cargo of our young people.

BEST PRACTICES

A community that embraces awareness recognizes that there are many and varying opportunities for community collaboration to make a stronger team in the fight against terror, rather than trying to keep the community safe in a vacuum. There may be a number of community players with great intentions of doing their part in crisis planning, but are focused on their specific part and not looking out into the larger community landscape for opportunities for collaboration. The U.S. Department of Education published "Practical Information on Crisis Planning: A Guide for Schools and Communities," which provides a good reference for citizens and communities alike. This guide was succeeded by an example of federal leadership in encouraging community collaboration through the department's Emergency Response and Crisis Management grants program.

In 2003 and 2004, the Education Department offered more than $70 million in grants to schools to boost their emergency plans. In recognizing that "the midst of a crisis is not the time to start figuring out who ought to do what ... at that moment, everyone involved — from top to bottom — should know the drill and know each other," Education Secretary Rod Paige strongly encouraged grant applicants to get signatures from the principal, the first-responder, the mayor or local executive, and health and mental health representatives in order to get funding for updating school safety plans. These grants provide local educational agencies with funds to improve and strengthen emergency response and crisis management plans, including training school personnel, students and parents in emergency response procedures and coordinating with local government, law enforcement, public safety, health, and mental health agencies. With this program, strong plans are developed in coordination with key community groups. These are not shelf documents, but instead are practiced and updated frequently. All communities should take note.

The department's ERCM grant program is a model to be replicated — albeit the collaboration of key individuals was a stipulation for getting grant dollars. Unfortunately, there are communities that aren't even thinking of schools in their community plans — should a large-scale disaster unfold, many will be tripping over each other and exacerbating an already tragic event. The Education Department's model is one that can be replicated in every community to foster the collaboration needed to adequately deal with a crisis.

"CONSISTENT INVOLVEMENT OF SCHOOLS IN COMMUNITY CRISIS PLANNING IS NOT AS PREVALENT A PRACTICE AS IT NEEDS TO BE."

Best practices can be found on the Education Department's website. For more information about what families and communities can do to be ready for an emergency, visit www.ready.gov.

CALL TO ACTION

A 2003 survey conducted by the National Association of School Resource Officers — a group of 1,200 school-based law enforcement personnel and county police — found that more than 90 percent of respondents thought schools were soft targets for potential terror attacks.

The Education Department developed a crisis preparedness guide for grants that encourages the type of collaboration needed to contribute to the greater good of all-hazards preparedness in schools and communities.

Having awareness that communities don't exist in a vacuum and that crisis planning should involve the entire community — including schools — and that it should be done collaboratively, will go a long way to helping secure our nation from whatever hazards we may face.

To learn more about BearingPoint's homeland security practice, go to:
www.bearingpoint.com/homelandsecurity

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

***Darryl Moody** is Senior Vice President for Homeland Security and Intelligence at BearingPoint. He is responsible for coordinating BearingPoint's support to homeland security initiatives across all government levels, commercial entities and international clients. Mr. Moody has more than 22 years experience in performing planning, management, reviews and analyses of business policies, practices, systems and programs for a variety of government and non-government organizations. He was one of the first 20 individuals assigned to the Transportation Security Administration task force in December 2001.*

***Connie Deshpande** has more than 14 years experience in public administration and policy analysis in various levels of government, including at the U.S. Department of Education as both a civil servant and political appointee. Ms. Deshpande dealt primarily with school safety issues for the government and had oversight of the multi-million-dollar Emergency Management and Crisis Planning grant program.*

BearingPoint
Business and Systems Aligned. Business Empowered.™

This advertorial does not involve any writing, reporting or editing from the editorial staff of The New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China is trying to buy the hearts and minds of African leaders as part of a broader push to win allies in the developing world and boost its soft power abroad.

But China's efforts don't bode well for African democracy—or for Washington. As the diplomatic wrangling over Sudan shows, China's march into Africa will, at best, complicate African and U.S. efforts to bring good governance and human rights to the continent. At worst, it will hurt the fight against terrorism and weapons proliferation.

In 1993, after decades of self-sufficiency, Chinese domestic oil production could no longer satisfy demand, which had shot up because of the country's extraordinary economic growth. Since then, China has had to import more oil every year, from 6.4 percent of its total consumption in 1993, to 31 percent in 2002, to a projected 60 percent by 2020. As a result, Beijing has started to look for more oil abroad. In theory, China should be content to buy its oil from the world market. But, like the United States and other big consumers that don't trust the system to work perfectly, China has started courting producers directly. In 1996, Beijing set out to meet a third of its oil needs by sending state-controlled companies to prospect throughout the world.

So far, Beijing hasn't had much success in Asia. Deals for two pipelines, one from Russia and another from Kazakhstan, have stalled, leaving China with no direct conduit to any of its neighbors. Meanwhile, China's state-controlled oil companies haven't been able to displace well-established U.S. and European competitors in the Middle East. Despite fervent negotiations, the most Beijing has obtained from Saudi Arabia, the world's largest producer, is the right to prospect natural gas to sell to the domestic Saudi market.

Little wonder, then, that Chinese officials see Africa as El Dorado. A recent report by Washington's Center for Strategic and International Studies estimates that proven oil reserves in West Africa have doubled in the past decade to over 60 billion barrels. And, thanks to foreign investment, production in the region is about to take off. A decade ago, West African states (other than Nigeria) produced little. But Cambridge Energy Research Associates predicts that the region will turn out one in every five barrels of crude produced in the world between now and 2010, as well as vast quantities of natural gas. Except for Chad's inland fields, most of these resources lie offshore in the Gulf of Guinea, in an arc running from Nigeria to Angola. West African oil is of high quality—light, waxy, and low in sulfur—and is especially appealing to Chinese companies, which use refineries designed for domestic oil of a similar grade. Another bonus: Aside from Nigeria, West African producers do not belong to OPEC and are not subject to the cartel's production or export caps.

Chinese officials understand what is at stake. China already buys 25 percent of its foreign oil from Africa, and a recent report commissioned by Prime Minister Wen Jiabao urges Beijing to increase that share to 30 percent. (African oil accounts for 14 percent of total oil imports to the United States.) Beijing now hopes to get 50 million tons of oil from the Gulf of Guinea every year. In 2003, it bought ten million tons from Khartoum and more than $1 billion of petroleum products from Angola and South Africa each. Chinese oil firms CNPC and Sinopec recently struck deals with Algeria, Gabon, and Nigeria, and they are in talks with the governments of Niger, Chad, the Central African Republic (CAR), Congo, and Angola.

These projects are the handsome result of Beijing's aggressive new African diplomacy. In February, President Hu Jintao embarked on a highly publicized tour of Algeria, Egypt, and Gabon, with oil executives in tow. At roughly the same time, Sinopec inked its first agreement with Gabon, a nation also wooed by the Bush administration and U.S. oil majors. Gabonese Foreign Minister Jean Ping, whom Hu met earlier this year, is known in West Africa as a Sinophile. Ping could prove a good intermediary between Beijing and the tiny island-state of São Tomé and Principe, an official ally of Taiwan that sits on major untapped oil reserves and was saved from an attempted coup last year by Ping's intervention. São Tomé and Principe has also been aggressively courted by U.S. oil companies.

Beijing's oil-slicked diplomacy builds on goodwill generated by its past actions in Africa. In the 1960s and 1970s, China supported revolutionary movements in Africa, vowing to help protect it against U.S. and Soviet imperialism. Many of those former rebels have now come to power and are willing to repay favors to Beijing. What's more, unlike the United States or other Western nations, Beijing does business without setting conditions on human rights, transparency, or good governance. It requires only that trading partners not recognize Taiwan, and all but a handful of African states have obliged.

Predictably, this amorality has been a boon to business. Beijing's state-controlled CNPC held onto its share in the Sudanese project, even after stockholders pressured the Canadian company Talisman to pull out because of Khartoum's human rights violations. (A 1997 sanctions package prohibits U.S. companies from investing in Sudan at all.) For African nations, doing business with U.S. companies "is complicated," says International Crisis Group special adviser John Prendergast, an Africa expert. "[The United States has] a lot of different compartments to [its] foreign policy. And many of them are really irritating to countries like Nigeria and Angola." Authoritarian African leaders understand the difference. Unlike America's "tied aid," China's cooperation comes only "with mutual respect and regard for diversity," said Gabonese President Omar Bongo, who has been in power for three decades and is routinely condemned in State Department human rights reports.

Unencumbered by principles, Chinese companies are

Stéphanie Giry is an associate editor at FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free to go where many Western firms cannot. Beijing moved closer to Nigeria in the mid-'90s, when, after the execution of writer-activist Ken Saro-Wiwa, the U.S. Congress considered blocking new investments by U.S. oil companies. Chinese companies positioned themselves in Libya well before the U.N. sanctions against Tripoli were lifted last year. Consider also Beijing's tactics in the CAR. When the European Union and international lenders refused last year to bail out the new authoritarian government until it restored constitutional order, Beijing stepped in, bankrolling the entire civil service. The move was savvy: Being in the CAR government's good graces won't hurt when, as energy experts predict, access to Chad's oil fields opens up on the CAR side of the Chad border.

Beijing's methods apply to more sectors than just energy. In 2000, the Chinese government launched the China-Africa Cooperation Forum, "a framework for collective dialogue" designed "to seek peace and development." Beijing could have said commerce, too. By the forum's second meeting, three years later, Beijing had signed 40 trade agreements and 34 investment treaties with African states and wiped clean a collective debt worth some $1.3 billion. Meanwhile, China has helped build roads in Equatorial Guinea, dams in Morocco, an airport and a nuclear reactor in Algeria, and government offices in Côte d'Ivoire, Djibouti, and Uganda. Beijing is even pushing the Chinese to travel to Africa and to buy African products at home.

In return, Beijing has won access to critical resources like natural gas, in addition to oil and vast new markets for its goods. Chinese trade with Africa has almost doubled since 2000; and, although it is still a fraction of China's worldwide exchanges, it's already about half of U.S.-Africa trade.

BEIJING'S TACTICS SHOULD worry Washington—not to mention average Africans. Increasing demand and shrinking domestic supplies are making the United States overly dependent on oil imports, and Washington's search for new suppliers in West Africa—which the Bush administration has called "the fastest-growing source of oil and gas for the American market"—seems to pit the United States against China. Yet, because Washington already has solid ties with the Gulf of Guinea's largest exporters and U.S. companies are better equipped than CNPC or Sinopec to perform the type of deep offshore drilling that will unlock the region's resources, China's hunt for African resources is not a direct threat to U.S. energy security.

It is, however, a threat to other U.S. interests on the continent. While Beijing courts African capitals for access to oil and gas, Washington is trying to convince African leaders to host U.S. military bases, battle terrorism, and emphasize human rights. After all, with growing concerns that unstable regions could become terrorist havens, Washington's commitment to democracy in Africa is becoming a security imperative. The Bush administration has committed $100 million to help eastern African states train their forces to better patrol borders, block terrorist financing, and reinforce aviation security. And, at an international counterterrorism conference in Algiers last month, U.S. ambassador for counterterrorism Cofer Black renewed a pitch for Africa's cooperation, arguing that "the struggle against terrorism is also in part the struggle for a better society." Meanwhile, through the Millennium Challenge Account, the Bush administration has offered aid to African nations that promote good government.

But China's march could scuttle Washington's efforts. In a searing 581-page report, Human Rights Watch recently argued that Chinese companies are complicit in Khartoum's efforts to displace populations in southern Sudan to clear the way for oil rigs. It also charges that China's oil purchases have enabled the Sudanese government to buy arms—sometimes from Beijing itself—fueling the violence in Darfur that Washington says it is now trying to stem. And who knows how much of the $1 billion in arms that Beijing sold to Ethiopia and Eritrea during their 1998–2000 war has migrated over the border into Sudan? Of course, it would be unfair to hold Beijing solely responsible for Sudan's abuses, or to absolve Washington simply for condemning the violence in Darfur. But, by bypassing sanctions, trading arms, and leveraging its influence with international organizations, Beijing has indeed helped prop up Sudan's oil industry and the government in Khartoum.

Likewise, Beijing could undermine U.S. efforts to stabilize President Olesegun Obasanjo's beleaguered and reform-minded government in Nigeria, a key ally in Washington's fight against terrorism. "It would really help the Nigerian [government] to have a business partner that didn't care about human rights," Prendergast says, citing Obasanjo's continued struggle with rebels who regularly disrupt oil production. "Sudan is providing a really good example of how China can help you," Prendergast says. "If I were Obasanjo, I'd be looking at that."

Some already are. Last month, the governor of Nigeria's Kaduna Province, the site of sectarian killings and an enforcer of sharia law, invited Chinese investors to set up businesses there. And the government of Angola, which has been pushed by the United States and the World Bank to improve transparency in the distribution of its oil money, has increasingly sought out Chinese investors. As a result, Beijing's unconditional investments across Africa could feed violence or prop up authoritarian leaders, much as they have in Burma, Laos, and other Asian nations where China has become the main external power. Just ask Darfurians where that can lead. ■

Agree? Disagree?

Got something to add? Write The New Republic's editors at letters@tnr.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Revelations

ALEXANDER PAYNE, WHO directed the memorable *About Schmidt*, has now made **SIDEWAYS,** which, in a slower, seeping way, gets to be memorable, too. *About Schmidt* dealt with a man of sixty-six who finishes his business career and finds that his life is otherwise empty. *Sideways*, adapted by Payne and Jim Taylor from Rex Pickett's novel, deals with a man of forty or so who knows more acutely than Schmidt did that his life is virtually empty and is morose about his inability to change it.

SIDEWAYS
(Fox Searchlight)

ANATOMY OF HELL
(Tartan)

Yet, unlike the earlier film, *Sideways* is a comedy. Its comic beginnings are what delay its serious impact, not because they are comic but because they seem to predict a somewhat familiar story. Miles is a schoolteacher in San Diego, a would-be novelist and a wine lover, who goes off to northern California with an old college chum for a week of wine tasting. (Casually drinking while they drive, too.) The chum, Jack, is a good-looking fellow, full of sun-kissed charm, big and a touch overripe, a former soap-opera actor who is congenitally cheery. Jack is engaged to be married on the next Saturday. When he and Miles set off together, we know the film wouldn't have been made if changes were not coming for both of them, but little in the opening section makes us expect more than tolerable entertainment—from this pairing of an introvert and a hearty good fellow.

The externals of the story fulfill those expectations. Jack is out to sow some premarital wild oats, and he has the sheer ebullience to keep him amusing for a while. Miles, divorced several years before, is making this wine trip while he waits for a publisher's decision on a novel he has written. Easily, pleasantly, the film slides along in these character grooves. Miles and Jack do some wine tasting, garlanded with lots of wine-expert's verbiage. Then they meet two women, and the film moves downward into the two men.

Jack takes up with Stephanie, a pourer at a vineyard bar. He and she are soon bedding—she doesn't know that he is to be married in a few days—and he turns up the heat by telling her that he loves her. His deceit is no surprise, nor is her fury when she learns about his very immediate wedding. Jack's charm begins to mildew for us, which increases when, shortly after the split with Stephanie, he picks up a markedly unattractive waitress and goes home with her simply because she is available. The chuckles we may have been enjoying up to now about the seductive hunk are stilled. Jack becomes more of a case than a cavalier.

While all this is happening, Miles is seeing Maya, a waitress whom he has met on previous visits to wine country. She soon goes out with him and Stephanie and Jack. Later, the Miles-Maya scenes, when the two are alone, are the gems of the film. In the subtlest manner she hints, without word or move, simply by her being, that she is interested in intimacy. He can read the signs, but he is unsure of himself. He conveys to us, though not to her, that his trouble isn't physical, it's a sense of unworthiness, of sheer incompetence in life itself. The evening ends almost symbolically when, instead of responding sexually, he gives her a typescript of his novel that he has promised her. Under Payne's hand these scenes are crystals of rueful privacies.

The revelation of Jack's wedding plans, besides splitting him and Stephanie, angers Maya because Miles has known the plans all along and hasn't mentioned them to her or Stephanie. Maya breaks with Miles. And just about this time, he learns that the publishers have rejected his novel. As the two men drive home, we seem to slip again into a resumed familiar plot pattern—the decline into letdown after bliss, which will be followed by the finish that ties things up again. The film does adhere to this pattern, but, because of what we now know about the two men, the trip home is much darker than the opening.

Occasionally Payne uses a Movieland touch that blots his serious intent. A moment in which the disconsolate Miles pours a bucket of wine over his head in a wine bar, Jack's naked escape from the homely waitress's husband, a car crash that Miles stages to help explain something that has happened to Jack, the occasional huge close-up—all these belong in a lesser picture. Otherwise, Payne's directing is alert, warm, patient. He knows that the surface must keep us interested until we go below it, and his confidence holds us.

Paul Giamatti, who plays Miles, is exactly what a leading film actor should not look like. His bearded face almost defines the word "nondescript." Yet his presence and his performance follow the procedure of the film: he reveals more than we expect. Giamatti has the depth to embrace Miles's sickening, irritating despair. Thomas Haden Church has to bear the burden of looking exactly like the Jack of the story, but he plays the role with disarming self-knowledge. Sandra Oh makes Stephanie funny and fiery. As Maya, Virginia Madsen is lovely and in every way comprehensible.

The French film-maker Catherine Breillat lately gave us *Sex Is Comedy*, which was full of insights about a director and two actors of a sex scene. Now comes Breillat's **ANATOMY OF HELL,** which could have been called *Sometimes It's Unintended Comedy*. Sexual frankness is a hallmark of Breillat's writing and directing, but here she strains heavily to maintain her reputation.

A woman (never named) is watching people dance in a gay bar—in Marseilles,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably. Then, for some undisclosed reason, she goes into the toilet and slices her wrist with a razor blade. A man (also never named), presumably gay, takes her to a clinic, where she is bandaged. She then hires him to watch her—not to watch over her but to observe her and report to her on what he sees.

This turns out to be employment as a stud. He reports for duty the next night at her isolated villa (again unexplained), and she very soon strips and lies on a bed facing him. Sexual matters ensue, though only after some ponderous talk. This night is followed by three more nights, all of them loaded with sexual variations and with dialogue that is like a Woody Allen parody of French-café profundity. The dialogue that is wrapped around the sexual activities only helps to make the film disgustingly ridiculous. In one sequence the man uses the handle of a hoe in a manner for which it was not intended. In another sequence, menstruation is featured. As an added sign of philosophic depth, all through these horizontal gymnastics the woman is wearing the wrist bandage from her suicide attempt. The picture ends in an appropriately ludicrous way.

Amira Casar is the woman, which is about all she needs to be. The man is an Italian porn star named Rocco Siffredi, who is equipped for his profession. Lurking in Breillat's directing is a suggestion of purpose and control, but, no matter what her previous film was called, she utterly lacks a sense of humor. ■

JED PERL ON ART

The Beauty Trap

I HAD NO IDEA THAT BEAUTY WAS out of fashion until I began to hear that it was back in fashion. Actually, I do not know whether I'm more surprised by the new talk of a return to beauty or by the fact that those of us who didn't spurn it in the first place are now regarded as guilty on two counts. We were wrong never to have rejected beauty, and now we are wrong to refuse to welcome it back. Beauty is definitely the new mantra, and if you're not ready to sing its glories from the rooftops you had better be quiet. The people who are rallying to the cause, whether they are Ivy League professors or curators organizing far-flung biennials, have the fervor of converts. They have overcome something, an addiction to theory or an allergy to oil paint. And having taken the cure, they do not want to hear about anybody who didn't have to.

ELLEN GALLAGHER
(Gagosian Gallery)

PAUL HENRY RAMIREZ
(Mary Boone Gallery)

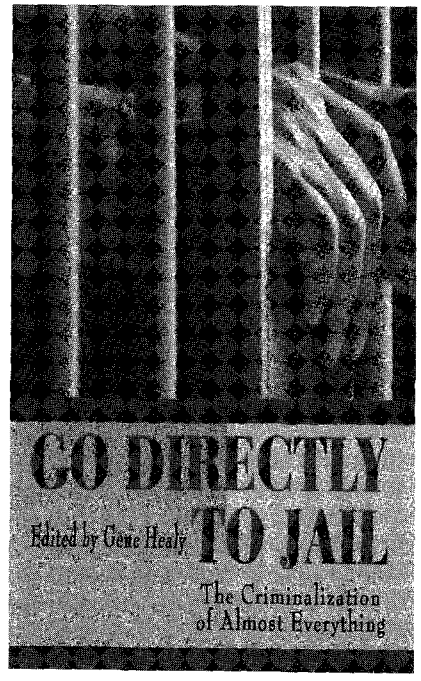
PIPILOTTI RIST
(Luhring Augustine Gallery)

ANDREW LORD
(Paul Kasmin Gallery)

CARL PLANSKY
(Fischbach Gallery)

STANLEY LEWIS
(Salander-O'Reilly Galleries)

In *Speaking of Beauty*, published last year, Denis Donoghue offers an admirably relaxed and revealing consideration of the current situation. He is glad that theory is no longer the "punitive discourse" that it was a couple of decades ago, and he observes that "the tone of 'cultural studies' is not now as acrimonious as it has been." Donoghue believes that "there is more space for themes—beauty is one of them—which not long ago were held to be regressive." He writes from the point of view of the university, but many of his observations hold true for the art world, where movers and shakers often turn to academics when they want to give historical authority to inherently unpredictable market trends. While Donoghue is cautiously optimistic that the freewheeling conversation that he advocates is possible today, he does not underestimate the deadening weight of the assertions of a postmodern theorist such as Fredric Jameson, whom he characterizes as maintaining "that the function of the sublime in Modernism has been taken over by theory"—an assertion that Donoghue finds implausible. And although he expresses interest in the work of the art critic Dave Hickey,



"Watch out, Mr. or Ms. Businessperson! The federal government can regulate you right into the poorhouse or a jail cell. If you are looking for a scholarly and comprehensive examination of why every businessperson needs to look for a lawyer before seeking customers, this is it."
—Judge ANDREW P. NAPOLITANO, senior judicial analyst, Fox News Channel

"The dramatic expansion of federal criminal law in recent decades has made it distressingly easy for prosecutors to 'make a federal case' out of matters more properly handled at the state level or by civil remedies. . . . With this timely volume, Cato draws attention to an important—and too often ignored—legal problem."
—MIGUEL ESTRADA, Gibson, Dunn, and Crutcher

$17.95 cloth

Available in bookstores nationwide or by calling 800-767-1241.

www.cato.org

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose charming and inscrutable little book *The Invisible Dragon: Four Essays on Beauty* has become a hallowed text in the art schools, Donoghue sees that Hickey is an equivocal figure. His admiration "is qualified by [Hickey's] preferring Norman Rockwell to Picasso and Cézanne." And there is the rub, for the return to beauty can be just as much a matter of clever posturing as the theorists' attacks on beauty were some years ago. Receiving instruction in the narrative charms and compositional savvy of Rockwell's *Saturday Evening Post* covers does not sound, at least to me, all that different from being told that beauty is a phantasm constructed by the bourgeois imagination.

THE BELLIGERENCE WITH which beauty—or, in the case of Rockwell, prettiness and sweetness and cuteness—has been thrust into the center of the art world as an antidote to the reign of theory masks a whopping paradox. There are few human values that theorists have found more tantalizing than beauty. This is not surprising: the struggle to define beauty is a struggle to explain some of the experiences that we hold most dear. But when people claim that beauty is back, they tend to speak of it not as a kind of experience—in that sense it is always with us, however we may choose to interpret the experience—but as a polemical stance, an ideological thrust. The return of beauty, like all the postmodern polemics that came before, is an attempt to control the unruliness of art, an unruliness that we can make sense of only by trusting our autonomous judgments; and there is nothing that the postmodern sheep fear more than those judgments and that autonomy.

Optimists will argue that what we are now seeing is a healthy reaction against art-world nihilism, and I would like to believe that this is so. But the kind of beauty that is such a hot topic in Chelsea these days is generally little more than a mask that artists imagine can be put on and taken off at will. The niceties of craft and the dash of lyrical prettiness that are so common in the galleries are not much more than a new way of accessorizing the same old ideological belligerence. One of the lures in Ellen Gallagher's show at the Gagosian Gallery this fall was a series of impressions of fantastical sea creatures and vegetation, with the delicate evocations of gills and scales and tendrils created by cutting into thick sheets of paper. While there is a finicky sweetness about these medium-sized works on paper, some of which are touched with watercolor, Gallagher, who has made her reputation by offering sneaky spins on African American experience, is incapable of pushing her craft projects into compositions of any authority; her refinements of touch have no cumulative effect. I am not surprised, though, to discover that these bits of eye candy have a polemical point. Apparently all this marine life is meant to evoke the Middle Passage, and by extension the experience of slavery in America. I cannot see that the sweetness of Gallagher's paper cuts is related to the darkness of what are said to be her thematic interests, at least not in any comprehensible way. In any event, she is not the first artist to have marketed tough themes in pretty packages. And collectors may be glad for her inconsistency. They can feel that they are taking a moral stand when they hang something snappy on the living-room wall.

THE NEW BEAUTY IS A TRAP, insofar as it seduces with the promise of a complex emotional experience and then forces gallerygoers to accept what amounts to a shotgun marriage. A considerable number of painters, both representational and abstract, now fall into this category. Paul Henry Ramirez's exercises in chilly whimsy, which were recently at the Mary Boone Gallery, are symptomatic. Ramirez's slickly patterned canvases, with their streamlined forms and rococo flourishes and Ultrasuede and bubblegum colors, go along with the fascination for 1970s glamour that has shaped the recent ad campaigns for Versace and Dolce & Gabbana; Ramirez's subject, like theirs, is jadedness. His paintings may strike some as meticulously crafted, because the brushstrokes generally don't show, but what is virtuosity when there is no heat, no emotion, no deep or wild feeling to be mastered?

The same may be said of most of the video work that I have recently seen, of which the most talked-about this fall has been Pipilotti Rist's show at Luhring Augustine, which had the elaborate title *Herbstzeitlose (Meadow Saffron or Fall Time Less)*. Rist filled a room with the silkily appealing sights and sounds of her native Switzerland: this was a hip travelogue. While her installation had a tossed-together spiritedness that was quite likeable, nothing in her show was focused enough to get beyond a sodden eco-humanism. This off-kilter European pastoral, in which picture-perfect lakes and meadows were evoked with drunken exuberance, had the impact of an ad campaign. And the fact that Rist was selling nothing but herself made the presentation feel more purely manipulative than it might have if there were some new brand of moisturizer or shampoo involved.

SINCE THE EARLY NINETEENTH century, beauty in the arts has been associated not with some particular style but with a sense of authenticity. It was the Romantics who first insisted that a whole variety of artistic manners and modes could be beautiful, so long as they were authentic. This in turn became the essential assumption of the modern century. And it remains, I believe, the principle that guides art today. The legendary difficulty of modern art—a difficulty that remains, considering the many sophisticated people who still find that the power of Mondrian's abstractions eludes them—is related to this struggle to identify authenticity. Authenticity is maddeningly elusive. It comes in so many forms. It may or may not involve a spirit of revolt. It may or may not involve an almost punctilious obsession with tradition. The experience of art is an investigation of the nature of authenticity—an investigation that depends on learning but also on instinct and intuition. And the experiencing has become much more complicated in recent years, for now we have to deal not only with the problem of authenticity but also with beauty as a form of posturing, which amounts to a pose of authenticity, and while this was surely not unknown in the past, it has become an epidemic today.

How to tell the real beauty from the mock? There is no single answer. But if what we call beauty in the arts is essentially an authenticity of experience that is shared by the artist and the audience, it is surely not a matter of grand assertions but of local articulations that we experience incrementally, dynamically. This fall I have had such experiences to one degree or another with Andrew Lord's ceramics and drawings and with paintings by Carl Plansky and Stanley Lewis. Lord's comically overscaled and shamblingly shaped ceramic vases and pots and pitchers—presented in groups, like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three-dimensional still lifes, at the Paul Kasmin Gallery's main space on Tenth Avenue—struck me as insisting too much on their perversities. Around the corner, though, in a small ancillary show at 511 West Twenty-seventh Street, I was won over by a few loosely worked Conté crayon drawings and by a ceramic pitcher whose base, one realized after a moment, had the shape of a skull. Lord's rumpled clay surfaces, which can feel like an affectation when his work is seen in bulk, become fantastically mutable in the singularity of the skull pitcher. The work is a balancing act, at once funny and grave. And the drawings, with their pithy evocations of the swelling contours of pots, have a spooky elegance.

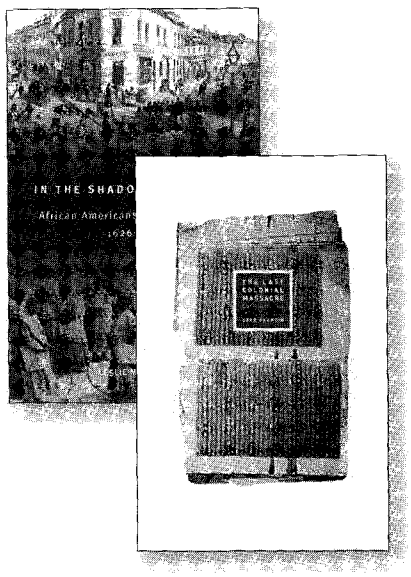
The loose-jointed stroke of Lord's Conté crayon and the lumpy surfaces of some of his ceramics are assertions of the presence of the human hand, and, like the painterly brushstroke that Plansky and Lewis use, this is an artisanal expression of authenticity, though of course painterly painting can be as problematic as any other kind of painting. What was most convincing about Plansky's canvases, in his show at the Fischbach Gallery, was the textural richness of the brushwork, the way that he marshals strokes and globs of paint. There is truth in the heedlessness of his coloristic play, a truth that does not necessarily culminate in the wholeness of a composition, for taken as totalities his paintings can be somewhat amorphous, with the exception in this show of *Brownies*, in which Plansky's whirlwind of pigment achieves a remarkable presence—a sense of colored gestures as having locations, relations, interactions.

WHAT IS INTERESTING ABOUT Stanley Lewis's evolution is that while he has never disavowed the luxuriance of brushwork that was a hallmark of his work from the start, he has developed in recent years an interest in the finicky details of a chain-link fence or an old abandoned car or a farmhouse façade that registers not as a dissent from painterliness but as an extension of its possibilities. In a group of paintings shown at the Salander–O'Reilly Galleries, Lewis's views of open spaces in Washington, D.C. and farmland in upstate New York achieved an admirable plangency of violet-tinged hues. I only wish that the artist had not insisted on confounding the buoyant lyricism of his brushwork through the imposition of a collagist's sensibility. Lewis likes to break up the canvas or paper surfaces on which he paints, by cutting into the support or pasting on additional pieces of canvas or paper. And we are confronted with a scrim of disturbing incisions and overlaps, with a web of abstract lines and angles that defy the very spatial illusion that Lewis's painterly touch has begun to create.

These collaged techniques have been an aspect of Lewis's work for some years, and although I expect that a yearning for authenticity pushes him literally to poke holes in the hard-won solidity of his spatial constructions, his doubts, however honorable, do undercut the persuasiveness of his illusions. His strongest works, I believe, remain some large drawings of trees shown a few years ago at the Bowery Gallery, for when Lewis works with pencil and paper, the tearing and the collaging of the paper become an integral part of the realization of the image, which is not the case for the oils. Lewis is surely aware that many moderns have embraced ugliness or awkwardness as a new kind of beauty, and he may hanker for that ambiguous aesthetic. Lewis, and Plansky too, must know that painterliness—and Lord's rough handling of clay, which is the ceramist's version of painterliness—was sometimes dismissed as willful ugliness by the great academic authorities of the early nineteenth century. But to the extent that ugliness can become an expression of authenticity and therefore a kind of beauty, it is not a matter of choice so much as a matter of necessity, of intuition. And when Lewis cuts into the very structures that he has created, there may be an element of over-intellectualization, an idea of the ugliness of beauty that is imposed on the work. Could he be afraid of his own capacity to give beauty its due?

If Lewis feels some anxiety about the power of beauty, this is surely preferable to the stupefying cheerfulness of the artists and the critics who are now in charge of the return to beauty. Most of them appear to have no qualms about what they may have missed while they were off celebrating the apotheosis of theory. Of all the returns that we have heard about in recent years—the return to painting, to narrative, to the figure, to abstraction—the return to beauty is the most chilling. It is almost overwhelming to consider what is at stake. Nearly a

Hidden Histories
New from Chicago



The Last Colonial Massacre
Latin America in the Cold War
Greg Grandin
"This remarkable and extremely well-written work is about more than the dark history of Guatemala and the Cold War in Latin America. It is about how common people discover politics. It is about the roots of democracy and those of genocide. It is about the hopes and defeats of the twentieth-century left. I could not put this book down."
—Eric Hobsbawm, author of *The Age of Extremes*
Paper $22.00

NOW IN PAPERBACK
In the Shadow of Slavery
African Americans in New York City, 1626–1863
Leslie M. Harris
"Announces the arrival of a strong interpretation: New York City was full of slaves; slavery was central to the metropolitan economy of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; and slavery unraveled only by degrees, the pace excruciatingly slow. . . . The most thorough and intricate portrait that we have of an assertive and influential Northern black community."
—Christine Stansell, *New Republic*
Paper $25.00

Available in bookstores
The University of Chicago Press
www.press.uchicago.edu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century ago, when Cocteau spoke of a return to order in the arts, he knew that Picasso, who was his idol, had never lost sight of order; and the same could be said of Gris, Braque, and Matisse, although Cocteau did not care for the latter's work. The trouble with all the returns of recent years is that they are promoted by people who have no reliable knowledge of the values that have been abandoned. These returns amount to an attack on the very concept of continuity in the arts; what is really being celebrated is a principle of radical instability. And the return to beauty is the most devastating of all, because it suggests that artists can in fact do without beauty, at least for a time, which is almost the same as saying that they can do without art. That there could be art without beauty is preposterous. The artists who imagine that they can accept beauty or reject beauty have obviously never known the power that beauty wields. ■

Peter Green

To Hellas and Back

Alexander the Great in myths and movies.

ALEXANDER: DESTINY AND MYTH
By Claude Mossé
Translated by Janet Lloyd
(Johns Hopkins University Press, 244 pp., $58)

ALEXANDER THE CONQUEROR: THE EPIC STORY OF THE WARRIOR KING
By Laura Foreman
(Da Capo Press, 211 pp., $35)

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
By Paul Cartledge
(Overlook Press, 368 pp., $28.95)

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: SELECTED TEXTS FROM ARRIAN, CURTIUS AND PLUTARCH
By Tania Gergel
(Penguin Books, 150 pp., $10)

I.

"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER," the old song reminds us: a notable understatement. They do indeed. Ever since the pint-sized military genius (known to the Romans, but not, for good reasons, to his Greek contemporaries, as "the Great") breathed his last in Babylon, nearly two and a half millennia ago, the inquest has been going on, and it shows no signs of slackening today. Nor is there any final consensus. Right from the start, the loud whirr of ground axes regularly drowned out the objective voice of reason. Nowhere has this been more apparent than in Greece itself. When the news of Alexander's death reached Athens, that pliable political wheelhorse Demades exclaimed: "Alexander, dead? Impossible: the whole earth would stink of his corpse."

Demades had good reason for so bitter a reaction. Before setting out on his Asian expedition, Alexander, infuriated by Thebes's attempt at rebellion in the name of liberty, and, worse, by being taunted from the walls of the city as a barbarian tyrant, proceeded to prove the taunt true. Thebes was not only sacked, with horrendous slaughter and rape, but systematically destroyed. Alexander's aim, the Greco-Roman historian Diodorus wrote, was "by this act of terror to take the heart out of anyone else who might venture to rise against him." The Thebans had thwarted his will; and throughout his life Alexander's most savage reprisals were to be directed against those who in any way interrupted the parabola of his demon-driven and meteoric career of conquest.

Cut to 1980, when (as that canny Macedoniast Eugene N. Borza points out in his foreword to Laura Foreman's book) the president of the Hellenic Republic remarked, surprisingly but accurately, during a speech at a major museum display devoted to Macedonian antiquities: "As for Greece, Alexander has served as no other man has done the dreams of the nation, as a symbol of indissoluble unity and continuity between ancient and modern Hellenism." What, the outsider may ask at this point, has happened to the murderous barbarian, half Macedonian and half Epirote, who provoked the derision and hatred of Demosthenes, and whose death in 323 B.C.E. triggered a desperate struggle, by Athens and other Greek states, to regain their lost independence?

TO FOLLOW THE COURSE OF—and, where possible, to explain—this and other extraordinary metamorphoses in the concept and evaluation of Alexander over the intervening centuries is the main function of Claude Mossé's *Alexander: Destiny and Myth*. Despite lingering traces of the idealizing, and immensely influential, version—Alexander as the promoter of the Brotherhood of Man—propagated by W. W. Tarn, by and large Mossé has carried out her task with exemplary thoroughness; and a strange story it is that she has to tell.

What emerges, with some clarity, is the uncomfortable fact that Alexander's character and career combined to offer posterity the ingredients for an infinitely adaptable icon: a receptacle for the dreams and ambitions of almost any kind of would-be emulator, a target for a wide range of hatreds (and of course a shape-shifting hero for moviemakers). The process had already begun during Alexander's lifetime. The conqueror kept a tame historian—Callisthenes, Aristotle's nephew—to write up his exploits and give them the proper spin: the spear thrown into Asiatic soil to lay claim to Darius's empire as "spear-won territory," the similar severing of the "Gordian knot" (whoever untied it, tradition declared, would become "Lord of Asia": Alexander, exclaiming "Does it matter how it's loosed?," simply slashed it open with his sword); the alleged "obeisance" of the retreating tide as he rode around the shore by Mount Climax. It was, ironically, the idea of obeisance that in the end destroyed Callisthenes himself. Alexander, trying, as he subjugated the Achaemenid realm, to be all things to all men, wanted his Macedonians to prostrate themselves

Peter Green, currently King Charles II Distinguished Visiting Professor of Classics and Ancient History at East Carolina University, is the author of ALEXANDER OF MACEDON, 356–323 B.C.: A HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY *(University of California Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before him in the Oriental manner known as *proskynesis*. To the Persians, this was simply a mark of respect; Macedonians, for whom such prostration was the due of the gods alone, suspected that Alexander was toying with the idea of divinity, and subsequent events suggest that they may well have been right.

In any case, Callisthenes's principled and philosophical objections doomed him. Once again Alexander had had his will thwarted: Callisthenes was accused (almost certainly without justification) of involvement in a conspiracy against Alexander's life and executed. This ideological elimination of Aristotle's relative was the main factor in the development of a hostile tradition, promoted by the Stoics and picked up by Augustine, according to which Alexander was a mere brutal invader, a conquistador with (to paraphrase Augustine) "a global appetite for plunder." This tradition indeed had ample material on which to draw, from mass executions after difficult victories (such as the siege of Tyre) to rapine and wholesale massacre carried out in India, described even by Alexander's great advocate Tarn as "unique in its dreadful record of mere slaughter"—not to mention the perhaps deliberate elimination of thousands of Alexander's own troops, together with camp followers, women, and children, during a terrible and unnecessary march through the Gedrosian Desert (the modern Makran Coast Range, where President Carter's rescue helicopters went adrift). In each case Alexander's will had, in one way or another, previously been thwarted, in particular by his own mutinous army, which reached the breaking point after three monsoons and exposure to war elephants, and refused to follow his seemingly insatiable pursuit of glory any further.

BUT FOR EVERY PHILOSOPHER sickened by the violence of conquest, there were ten ambitious generals eager to rival or even to exceed Alexander's achievements: most notably, of course, his hard-bitten marshals Ptolemy, Perdiccas, Craterus, and the one-eyed Antigonus, who spent several decades after Alexander's death locked in a deadly struggle for the spoils of empire. (It is a mark of Alexander's charismatic dominance that on several occasions these men would confer only in the presence of their dead leader's throne, robe, scepter, and other regalia.) Romans, too, saw the Macedonian conqueror as an ideal leader to be emulated, with a mantle of power that might somehow, almost magically, be appropriated. Pompey wore his cloak, imitated his hairstyle, and assumed the title of "the Great." Julius Caesar famously wept because at the age of thirty-two—when Alexander, after subjugating Asia, was to die still planning fresh conquests—he himself had achieved nothing comparable.

Augustus, wondering shrewdly why Alexander paid so little attention to organizing the territories that he had conquered, inspected the conqueror's embalmed corpse, on permanent display in its glass coffin in Alexandria, and while depositing a crown and a wreath on it managed to break a bit off its nose. Caligula removed and wore Alexander's armor. Such conscious or unconscious attempts to acquire some of the dead hero's numinous power came to an end when, in all likelihood during Aurelian's reign, the tomb and its corpse were destroyed as a result of barbarian invasions. The refusal of many people to accept this fact—the search for both the grave and the body continues undeterred—testifies to the strength of the Alexander myth. My own favorite among such hopeful propositions is the ingenious theory that, faced with the imminent destruction of their city, the faithful secretly exchanged Alexander's body with that of St. Mark (whose see Alexandria was), and the Venetians who smuggled out a pork barrel containing what they took to be the remains of the Christian saint in fact got the Macedonian world-conqueror instead. The idea of Alexander's body tucked away incognito, with full evangelical honors, in St. Mark's Basilica in Venice has a certain bizarre appeal.

THE MYTHICIZATION OF ALEXander began as propaganda by his own spinmeisters during his career of conquest, and was fueled by the persistent rumor that the oracle of Zeus-Ammon (Amun) at the Siwah Oasis in the Libyan desert had acknowledged him to be the son of the god. (Laura Foreman's lavishly illustrated text offers an excellent photograph of the site.) This set off various snide jokes in the Greek world about his "supposed" father Philip. Later, the idea gained ground that his real father was the last independent pharaoh of Egypt, Nectanebo, who had allegedly coupled with Alexander's mother, Olympias, in the form of a serpent. Olympias was said (understandably) to have dismissed such fancies with some irritation.

Alexander himself was ambivalent on the subject, toying not only with divine paternity but with godhead *tout court*. From Babylon, shortly before his death, he sent out the so-called Deification Decree, a request to the Greek states that he be accorded divine honors. On the other hand, when, during a battle, he sustained a flesh wound and some sedulous courtier, quoting Homer, exclaimed, "Ichor, such as flows from the blessed gods," Alexander snapped testily, "That's not ichor, you fool: that's *blood*."

It is by no means impossible that he managed to contain both beliefs simultaneously, or at least as required. What is more, there was something about his personality and his behavior that attracted extravagant fantasies as surely as the magnet collects iron filings. The romantic and immensely influential fourth-century B.C.E. writer Cleitarchus, just too young to serve with Alexander in Asia, nevertheless produced what was to prove by far the most popular account of his exploits, salted with such tabloid assertions as that he sired at least one child with the (wholly mythical) queen of the Amazons. (The claim is strenuously denied in their own accounts by Ptolemy, Chares the court chamberlain, Aristobulus, and others.) Gresham's Law applies in historiography as elsewhere: the romantic legend very soon drove out more sober accounts, and Cleitarchus's narrative became the main foundation for the so-called "Alexander Romance," a fiction in the general style of the *Arabian Nights* that seems to have invoked the authority of Callisthenes as a guarantee of its authenticity.

In the centuries that followed, this weird farrago of garbled facts and extravagant fantasies took Alexander down to the seabed in a diving bell and up aloft in a gondola drawn by giant birds; converted him to Judaism during an invented visit to Jerusalem; repeated, in circumstantial detail, the story of Nectanebo's impregnation of Olympias; and described his encounters with six-armed or dog-headed men, not to mention Greek-speaking birds. And the legend spread and proliferated. Alexander is the savage "Third Beast" in the Book of Daniel, the two-horned magician in the Koran who sets up a wall against Gog and Magog, and one of the four kings (as Michael Wood points out in his introduction to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tania Gergel's *Alexander the Great*, a selection of texts that entirely omits Diodorus) represented on French decks of playing cards. Coptic Egypt even claimed him as a Christian saint. By the fifteenth century Chaucer could write that

> the storie of Alisaundre is so
> commune
> that every wight that hath discrecioun
> hath herd somwhat or al of his
> fortune.

II.

Unfortunately, what they got was the myth, which had grown ever more exotic and bizarre as it progressed through the religious and formalistic hoppers of the Middle Ages. The advent of the Renaissance finally curbed the growth of this potent fantasy, but not before irreparable damage had been done to the sources on which historians must still depend for any valid retrieval of Alexander himself, his achievements, and the world he so radically transformed.

There was, to be sure, no lack of contemporary accounts, many by participant eyewitnesses, of Alexander's campaigns: Ptolemy, Nearchos, Onesikritos, and Aristoboulos, high-ranking officers all, wrote and published their versions in the first post-Alexander generation. Callisthenes had already composed what he called *The Deeds of Alexander* as instant history, put together in the field as events took place, from the crossing of the Hellespont until some point after 330. (He was executed in 327.) We know of early personal assessments such as Anaximenes's pamphlet *On Alexander*, and the investigation of the deaths of Alexander and Hephaestion by Ephippos. Yet none of these survives intact. Much of Nearchos's Indian exploration can be tapped in digests by Arrian and the Augustan geographer Strabo, but for the rest we have nothing but scattered and frequently uncertain fragments. Right from the start the romantic account of Cleitarchus proved more popular than any factual first-hand narrative; and though most of these crucial contemporary sources survived at least until Hadrian's day—long enough to be used by Hadrian's protégé, the Romanized Greek general and historian Arrian—medieval scribes consistently ignored them in favor of colorful myth, so that their texts all rapidly dropped into oblivion.

Thus we are faced with the uncomfortable fact that though our sources for Alexander are reasonably abundant—full-scale histories by Arrian and Quintus Curtius Rufus, Book Seventeen of Diodorus Siculus's *Universal History*, a biography by Plutarch, two books of Justin's epitome of the *Philippic Histories* by Trogus Pompeius—even the earliest of them, that by Diodorus, was written three hundred years after the events it describes. To quote Robin Lane Fox, "it is as if the history of Tudor England could only be recovered from Macaulay's essays and the histories of Hume the philosopher." Even after the Renaissance, when Plutarch and Diodorus slowly began to oust the "Alexander Romance," change was slow, and the art of the seventeenth and even the eighteenth centuries still retains mythic features. (Francesco Fontebasso's painting of Alexander's encounter with the Indian rajah Porus, reproduced in *Alexander the Conqueror*, is a nice example.)

It was not until the end of the eighteenth century, with the advent, in Germany especially, of rational historiography and *Quellenforschung*, that the enormous difficulties posed by our extant sources for Alexander began to be properly appreciated. And even then the zealous pursuit of reason itself caused new problems by failing (in Claude Mossé's words) "to appreciate the importance of the mythical dimension," however fantastic, while at the same time embroiling Alexander in "scholarly controversies not entirely innocent of ulterior motives." There was also the oddly *simpliste* method of categorizing those texts that did survive. Arrian, and Plutarch in parts, being based on Ptolemy and Aristoboulos, and thus "official," were long held to be more trustworthy, even though Arrian, for one, claimed to have followed Ptolemy because, as a king, he would have lied less than other men. Diodorus, Curtius Rufus, and Justin, who were believed—and for the most part still are believed—to have followed Cleitarchus, and to have been infected with Stoic hostility, are lumped together as "the vulgate tradition," a lethally dismissive label. It did not take long for Alexander worshippers to start promoting the corollary that any evidence hostile to their hero was by definition derived from false and malignant propaganda. Why (especially in this day and age) "official" testimony should be regarded as particularly reliable, rather than subject to *parti pris* spin like any other evidence, is not at all obvious.

Both Mossé and Paul Cartledge emphasize the old historiographical platitude that we all, historians and laymen alike, inevitably re-create the past in our own image. (One of the more striking achievements of the well-chosen illustrations in Foreman's coffee-table book, ranging as they do across the centuries, is to illustrate this thesis in an arresting manner quite impossible to ignore.) Cartledge—whose purpose in his foreword to Mossé's monograph, like Borza's in his for Foreman's book, is clearly to offer an academic stamp of approval for the guidance of readers bewildered by the huge flood of Alexander literature—goes on to claim that "all history is, up to a point, contemporary history, in the sense that present concerns and our own self-image inevitably condition or at any rate color our perception and representation of past figures."

Throughout their surveys of prior Alexander scholarship, both Cartledge and Mossé exemplify this point in ample detail. The first truly modern student of Alexander was Johann Gustav Droysen, who published his *History of Alexander* in 1833. He was not only soaked in Hegelianism, theories of social evolution, and the German Romantic movement, but also directly affected by contemporaneous political trends seeking the unification of the German states. All this tilted him in favor of the kind of strong Prussian-style leadership associated with Philip and Alexander, and against the fractious in-fighting of those small polis-dominated Greek states that Philip first disrupted by his divide-and-rule diplomacy, and then crushingly defeated in 338 at Chaeroneia. Greece was degenerate, Asia was decadent.

There is a clear line from this kind of thinking to the post-1933 racist notions of Helmut Berve and especially Fritz Schachermeyr, who, as Mossé rightly reminds us, in 1944 rebuked the supposedly pure, even Nordic, Aryan Alexander for his "biological sacrilege" in advocating racial fusion. After the war Schachermeyr repudiated the book in which this thesis appeared and toned down his biography of Alexander; but his Alexander, if no longer A. R. Burn's "young Nazi rampaging over the Alps," was still very much a Nietzschean superman—"titanic and Führer-like," as Cartledge writes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the same time a very different interpretation, far more sympathetic to democratic pluralism and the development of what Nicole Loraux and Pierre Vidal-Naquet a little misleadingly call "bourgeois Athens," was developing in France and England. Its earliest, and still one of its most influential, advocates was the liberal banker, politician, and independent historian George Grote, who, like Demosthenes, championed the cause of the Greek polis against the inroads of what he saw as aggressive Macedonian autocracy. Grote was riding a wave that had gained its impetus from the French revolution and the Greek and American wars of independence. Perhaps the most radical change that this movement embodied was a rejection of something that had been an article of faith ever since Homer's day: the belief that not simply military prowess, but conquest as such, was both eminently desirable and a shining proof of manly virtue. There was always, as we saw earlier, an intellectual minority—Stoics and others—who rejected such an ideal, but now the objections were growing to a point where they could not be ignored, and one of the first and most controversial figures that they affected was, of course, Alexander.

IF HE WAS NOT TO BE DISMISSED as the mere bloodthirsty conquistador pilloried by Seneca, Lucan, and Augustine, then he had to be endowed with an acceptable mission. This proved surprisingly easy. An essay of Plutarch's supplied the notion of invading Asia in order to bring the benefits of Greek *Hochkultur* to a continent of unenlightened heathens; and European scholars, confronted on all sides with the twin rewards of imperial colonization and Christian proselytism, took up the idea and ran with it. By far the most influential version of this thesis was promoted by W. W. Tarn, who not only put a sympathetic face on Droysen's conquering hero but also made him a torch-bearer for the Stoic notion of the Brotherhood of Man. Tarn was writing in the aftermath of World War I, in the heyday of the League of Nations, and at a time when Lowell Thomas was weaving a very similar myth around the charismatic figure of Lawrence of Arabia. Both the League and Lawrence, each in their own way, had an indelible impact on Tarn's portrait of Alexander.

The most significant thing about that portrait is how successful it was. Tarn's version found its way into every sort of popular account, textbook, and encyclopedia article. It was translated into numerous languages. The Holocaust and the atom bomb barely dented it. (A single nervous, and helpless, reference in the 1948 edition is all Tarn could bring himself to make.) It clearly influenced the fiction of Mary Butts and Mary Renault, and it can even be felt in the movie *Alexander the Great,* starring Richard Burton, in 1956. The age hungered for an old-fashioned hero, and in Tarn's sanitized, sexually impeccable, golden-haired promoter of brotherhood through conquest, who lived by an archaic moral code of honor and had the additional romantic advantage of dying young, at the very pinnacle of success, they felt they had found one: a kind of proto-Lawrence. It took half a century for the minimalist (and, it might be said, brutalist) evidential arguments of Ernst Badian and Brian Bosworth to displace this deep-rooted and tenacious vision.

It is no accident, I suspect, that only now, after a fifty-year silence, are Alexander movies in the works again. That gap commemorates a truly seismic shift in fundamental interpretation. If advance reports are correct, it is this new, darker Alexander, a filthy-tempered and murderous egomaniac, openly if not cheerfully bisexual, and liable to the destructive alcoholic binges induced by prolonged combat stress—a hero who might indeed be plausibly played by the unruly Colin Farrell—who features in Oliver Stone's forthcoming film. As usual, popular epic follows a trend rather than setting it.

III.

IT WAS, INDEED, HIGH TIME THAT the hagiolatrous approach to Alexander gave way to a reasoned scrutiny of the evidence, and a reassessment of the historiographical assumptions underlying Tarn's over-idealized and politically naïve vision. Badian's complaint that once it was hard to get an attack on Tarn's position published by the academic establishment has long been obsolete; today it would probably be harder to publish an article defending it. In the last few decades, too, we have been shown so many examples of scholars creating the Alexander they want that the wary have caught on, with the result that nowadays it is becoming the fashion (as Mossé observes) to make no judgments on him at all. "Just the facts" is the new motto, with the corollary of investigating what impact those facts may have had on posterity. Yet even here confusion creeps in. There is general agreement on the radical reshaping of Mediterranean and Near East society brought about in the Hellenistic period by Alexander's conquests; but far too often this result is identified with an assumed intention on the part of the conqueror. *Post hoc* is by no means always *propter hoc*, and a preponderance of evidence suggests strongly that Alexander had not the least notion what long-term effect his hegira of conquest would have, and could have cared less.

At the same time there are signs that the enthusiastic blackening of his reputation is beginning to overreach itself. In the wake of the quietus that Badian and Bosworth gave to Tarn's romantic Alexander, Ian Worthington stepped forward to give the corpse a few extra kicks, but in the process brought several charges that, as the excellent young historian Frank Holt was not slow to demonstrate, were completely unsubstantiated and involved obvious factual errors. As Holt rightly remarked, "The corrective backlash begun so well by Badian has perhaps led to a new extreme orthodoxy that, too, runs counter to the interests of historical accuracy." Since a new generation of textbooks and popularizing accounts of Alexander is now by and large disseminating the Badian–Bosworth version—Foreman's is a nice instance of the trend—it is important that we should have a new and authoritative summing-up of Alexander scholarship that establishes a reasonable consensus of opinion on the evidence. After all, to a surprising extent what Alexander actually did is not in question: the map of his stunning march through the Achaemenid empire and back to Babylon (beautifully and clearly drawn in Mossé's monograph) is proof enough of that. The real crux of the matter lies with his motives, his beliefs, and his intentions, from which the perceived consequences of his career should be kept carefully separate.

PAUL CARTLEDGE'S *ALEXANDER the Great*, the fruit of twenty-five years of Cambridge lectures on Alexander and the problems surrounding him, fills this need as well as anyone could hope. Just as Worthington emphasizes Alexander's constantly uneasy and competitive relationship with his father, so Cartledge sees his exercise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in world conquest as an extension of the kingly chase: it's tempting to subtitle his biography "The Royal Hunt of the Son." He has an easy, vivid style, a cool mastery of facts and theories, and a commonsensical imperviousness to flimflam of any sort. He is also prone to startling modern comparisons that must have gone down wonderfully with an undergraduate lecture audience. Here is one such aside I particularly relished: "We are not privileged to know whether [Alexander], like the British commander Orde Wingate in Abyssinia . . . ever gave his officers their battle-orders lying in his tent stark naked and smoothing his pubic hair with someone else's toothbrush."

There is, of course, a sly subtext here. Alexander's sexual inclinations remain enigmatic, and for some (such as Tarn, who would only allow him even heterosexual activity within legitimate marriage), highly embarrassing. There is his relationship with the beautiful young Persian eunuch Bagoas, so memorably fictionalized by Mary Renault. His partiality for middle-aged royal ladies—Queen Ada of Caria actually adopted him, and what Olympias thought of that we can only guess—has always been a little suspect, and gives weight to the persistent rumor that his lifelong alter ego Hephaestion was the friend of his bosom in a very literal sense.

Cartledge sensibly reminds us that in ancient Greece "homosexual and heterosexual experiences were not felt to be either emotionally or socially incompatible." There was, of course, as he notes, an important exception to the rule: the passive adult catamite incurred nothing but scorn and contempt. Had this been Hephaestion's role, it "would not have been something of which Hephaestion wished to boast." This may be why neither Cartledge nor Mossé cites a remarkable anecdote told by Theophrastus, who surely had it from Aristotle when the latter was Alexander's tutor. Both Philip and Olympias, he alleges, were scared that their adolescent son was showing signs of becoming a *gynnis*, that is, a "femme" invert, and actually imported a high-class courtesan to straighten out his sexual drive. (Foreman alludes to the story, but omits its central feature.)

If the anecdote is true, it would cast a very interesting light on Alexander's subsequent career—much of which might be seen as the result of compensatory denial on a truly colossal scale—and it would also suggest a highly cogent reason why Hephaestion so long remained Alexander's "other self" and trusted confidant. Whether this is what Cartledge has in mind when he writes that "Hephaestion alone had been able to fill the well of the loneliness of Alexander's power" I would not like to guess; but the echo of Radclyffe Hall does make one wonder. Heterosexually at least, the general consensus is that the conqueror was guided by political or strategic necessity. "He married Roxane in Bactria to protect his rear," I once heard at a lecture. "Oh, those *naughty* old Macedonian barons," whispered the famous classicist sitting next to me.

On all other aspects of Alexander's personality, as well as the ambiguous moments in his career, Cartledge offers reasonable and well-supported judgments: there were few moments, reading his text, when I wanted to argue with him. He emphasizes that "intense religious belief was the mainspring of all or most of his most important activity," a salutary corrective to the political rationalist presented by Tarn and Hammond, who simply used other people's religion and superstition as a handy legal weapon. Cartledge also concedes the possibility, on the *cui bono* principle, that Alexander and Olympias were involved in Philip's too-convenient assassination, shortly before he—and not Alexander—was due to set out to conquer Achaemenid Persia. He rightly supports Badian's thesis that Alexander's refusal to employ Greek ships or troops on what was supposedly a Panhellenic expedition was because he could not trust them. He sees that a major factor in the conqueror's brilliant but ruthless career was the determination to rid himself of the competition in power represented by Philip's old general Parmenio, his son Philotas, and their network of appointees: thus Philotas's rigged trial for conspiracy, Cartledge argues, was "judicial murder," while Parmenio's end was "undisguised assassination." Right on both counts.

CARTLEDGE'S CLEAR AND ELEgant appendix, analyzing the problems of our often unsatisfactory sources, should really have been his opening chapter—and, I suspect, originally may have been, falling victim to misplaced editorial doubts about what the "ordinary reader" could take before getting to the narrative of events. In it he gives two beautiful little demonstrations of his skill at handling evidence, sorting out with fine analysis the wildly conflicting testimony about Callisthenes's end (executed after torture, he convincingly concludes: Ptolemy was right), and eliminating almost all the alleged responses given to Alexander by the oracle of Zeus-Ammon at Siwah except the salutation as "son of Zeus." Some of Cartledge's best work is to be found in the notes to his full and helpful bibliographies: as he points out there, despite Badian's justified scorn for Alexander seen as "the dreamy believer in the unity of mankind," this Macedonian was virtually

To a Cheetah in the Moscow Zoo

Furs this expensive you normally only find wrapped around
the shoulders
Of gangsters' molls outside the casino, movements this slinky
Only on the catwalk from the androgynous models,
Eyes dilating in the flashbulbs. As lean a feline
As Pisanello once painted with ravished brush
(The fur spotted, whiskery, a golden fleece).
She sashays swishing up and back. Her spine measures out
The least movement.
To change direction
Millimeters in front of the ditch is something for which
She doesn't even need eyes. There's nothing out there
For the ear or the sensitive nose but the noise and sweat
Beyond the wire fence, where those monkeys congregate
With their baby carriages at visiting time. Her breath
Coming hard, she magics the fetor of the metropolis
Into a charmed ozone . . . the white ribbons
In the girls' hair into strips of gazelle meat. Her fine head,
No bigger than your fist, keeps its alert posture
As she spies zebras in the flickering at the gates of Moscow.
Then she yawns, the prisoner of the cement.

DURS GRÜNBEIN

(translated from the German by Michael Hofmann)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alone in his readiness "to extend Greek-oriental collaboration, on a permanent and relatively egalitarian basis, to the home and even the bedroom." How far this policy was simply dictated by logistics—when he ran out of Macedonians he had to use what was there—is another matter.

Guy Griffith, my old ancient history teacher at Cambridge, is on record as holding it to be "one of the paradoxes of history (and historiography)" that despite Alexander's extraordinary career, which attracted so many writers, and despite the care that he devoted to the promotion of his own image, he "should have been handed down finally in history as an enigma." In the half-century or so since then, historians have cleared up the picture a good deal, and Cartledge's well-documented account reflects this progress: the profile that emerges is that of a military genius driven by an overwhelming obsession, a *pothos*, to pursue glory through conquest to the world's end, and take savage reprisals against any who thwarted his will while he was at it. Arrian was surely right: had Alexander lived, "he would not have stopped conquering even if he'd added Europe to Asia and the Britannic islands to Europe." It is almost impossible to think of Alexander in old age. He remains a beacon, an icon, arrested in mid-career, a meteor streaking for all eternity toward an infinite future. The Greeks who cursed him as a barbarous killer in his lifetime, but over the millennia came to see him as the brightest torch-bearer of the Hellenic spirit, are proof enough of that. ■

Michael Grunwald

Swamp Things

SKINNY DIP
By Carl Hiaasen
(Alfred A. Knopf, 355 pp., $24.95)

CARL HIAASEN IS SOUTH Florida's literary proctologist: he examines the region's assholes. The rapacious villains of Hiaasen's crime novels do not just commit murder, extortion, assault, fraud, and every conceivable variety of larceny; they also park in handicapped spaces, cheat on their trophy wives, tell racist jokes, flaunt their wealth in unusually obnoxious ways, and mangle the lyrics to good rock-and-roll songs. They do not just do bad things, like steal wheelchairs, shoot cops, and scam retirees; they are bad people, "maggots," "vermin," "cretins," "sleazeballs," "sewer scum," "reprobates," "whorehoppers." They care more about their golf games than their families, and more about money than anything else on earth. They drive Range Rovers with "COJONES" on their vanity plates. They don't listen and they don't learn.

Hiaasen's evildoers have one additional distinguishing characteristic: they dislike nature. Whether they are predatory developers, corrupt politicians, greedy sugar barons, sleazy corporate lobbyists, or brutal street-level thugs, none of them can appreciate the beauty of a bald cypress stand, a white ibis rookery, or a slash pine forest. If they notice their environment at all, it is only to think about how nice it would be to drain it, pave it, dredge it, and otherwise exploit it. They toss fast-food wrappers out the windows of their gargantuan SUVs. They hunt endangered species and mount the heads on their walls. They bulldoze mangrove swamps and hardwood hammocks into gated communities and strip malls. This is how Hiaasen, a bonefishing fanatic who lives in the subtropical paradise of Islamorada, describes Karl Krimmler, the bullheaded engineer in charge of despoiling a pristine barrier island for a condominium complex in *Sick Puppy*:

> In nature Krimmler saw neither art nor mystery, only bureaucratic obstacles. A flight of swallowtail butterflies or the chirp of a squirrel could send him into a black funk that lasted for days.... Krimmler proved ideally suited to work for land developers, each new mall and subdivision and high-rise and warehouse park bringing him that much closer to his secret fantasy of a world without trees, without wilderness, a world of bricks and pavement and perfect order.

Hiaasen's bad guys are too wrapped up in their sexual perversions and financial machinations to notice the sparkle of a slough or the majesty of a royal palm. It does not bother David Dilbeck, the priapic congressman on Big Sugar's payroll in *Strip Tease*, that the sugar plantations he is protecting on Capitol Hill are polluting the hallowed Everglades: "Dilbeck didn't understand what all the fuss was about. In truth, he didn't much care for the Everglades; it was torpid, swampy, crawling with bugs." Needless to say, Hiaasen's good guys feel a true connection to nature; they risk their lives to stop shopping centers (*Lucky You*) and golf resorts (*Native Tongue*); they are constantly rescuing turtles, dolphins, bobcats, and even deadly snakes.

The underlying crime in any Hiaasen crime novel is the murder of natural South Florida, and it is no coincidence that the perpetrators are the same villains who commit real murders. "Every scheming shitwad in America turned up here sooner or later, such were the opportunities for predation," he writes in *Skinny Dip*. Hiaasen is often laugh-out-loud funny, but he is also smoke-out-of-the-ears angry. In his day job as a *Miami Herald* columnist, he takes potshots at the jerks destroying his idyllic wonderland; in his novels, he subjects them to full-throated libel-proof ridicule. His credo is best expressed by his avenging angel, Skink, an idealistic former Florida governor who recognized the futility of trying to reform the state's ruling kleptocracy, then fled to the Everglades to eat roadkill and practice ecoterrorism: "Nothing shameful about anger, boy. Sometimes it's the only sane and logical and moral reaction."

SKINNY DIP IS HIAASEN'S LATEST escapade, and like the others it is hilarious and furious. It is also his most topical novel, using as its backdrop the $8 billion effort to restore the ravaged Everglades ecosystem, the most important public works project in the history of Florida and the largest environmental project in the history of the planet. That said, I must make an observation about Hiaasen's fiction that will border on blasphemy in many Florida precincts: it is *fiction*.

Michael Grunwald is writing a history of man and nature in the Everglades.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It feels a bit silly to point out that Hiaasen's outrageous caricatures and insane plots bear little resemblance to reality, as if readers might otherwise believe that typical Florida developers are drug smugglers with Barbie-doll fetishes, or Mafia hoods in the Witness Protection Program. But it needs to be pointed out, because somehow it has become conventional wisdom in Hiaasen's homeland to marvel at how accurately Hiaasen's novels capture the way Florida really works.

This happens not to be the case. Florida is crazy and corrupt, with its dimpled chads and crooked politicians and anthrax attacks on supermarket tabloids, but it is not *that* crazy and corrupt. It is smart to be cynical about Florida politics, especially the daily blathering about protecting the state's precious natural resources, but it is dumb to think that all Florida politics can be explained by the evil conspiracies that saturate Hiaasen's novels. In fact, that kind of thinking has often held back the cause of reform.

Hiaasen's disclaimer at the beginning of *Skinny Dip* warns that it is a work of fiction, based on imaginary events—"except for the destruction of the Florida Everglades and the $8 billion effort to save what remains." But Hiaasen's account of the death and the attempted resurrection of the Everglades is as imaginative as his accounts of an ambulance-chasing lawyer who fakes his own disability or a hairy 280-pound bodyguard with a bullet lodged in his hindquarters. I don't blame him for embellishing: so far, the Everglades megaproject has consisted mostly of mind-numbing meetings about "performance measures," "programmatic regulations," "interim goals," and "pre-CERP baselines." But while it may be popular to blame the destruction of the Everglades on malevolent forces of darkness, it is a dangerous delusion for Floridians. And while it may be comforting to think that the restoration of the Everglades can be achieved by foiling the nefarious conspiracies of cartoon villains, the truth is far more complex.

Box Office Smash
Check out Stanley Kauffmann's This Week's Films Worth Seeing. Only at www.tnr.com/indexarts

In *Skinny Dip*, the bad guys destroying the Everglades are easy to identify, because they are remorseless murderers who don't even like birds or bunnies. In reality, however, the bad guys destroying the Everglades are us.

HIAASEN INTRODUCES THE main villain of *Skinny Dip* with his trademark nuance: "At heart Chaz Perrone was irrefutably a cheat and a maggot." Chaz's favorite song, it almost goes without saying, is "Bad to the Bone." The novel opens with Chaz tossing his wife Joey over the railing of a cruise liner, because he thinks that she has uncovered his scam to help a polluter use the Everglades as a latrine. Her reaction to the attempted murder is classic Hiaasen: "I married an asshole, she thought, knifing headfirst into the waves."

Joey manages to grab hold of the nearest marijuana bale that happens to be floating in the area, and hangs on until she is rescued by a former cop named Mick Stranahan. Joey's afraid Chaz will beat the rap if she goes to the police, so she and Mick decide to let him think she is dead and then mess with his head. That is the basic plot of the book, along with the inevitable romance between Joey and Mick, and some typically raucous subplots about two missing pythons, Chaz's experiments with Viagra, and the spiritual awakening of the aforementioned bullet-ridden thug, who becomes friends with a cancer patient he meets while stealing her pain medication. There are also two manic cameo appearances by Skink, who was born to deal with jerks like Chaz.

Chaz is clearly bad to the bone. He bears the mark of Cain in Hiaasen's world: he doesn't give a damn about the environment. As a boy, he flushed a terrapin down the toilet. Family connections landed him in a master's program in biology, but studying sea lice only "reignited Chaz's antipathy toward the great outdoors and all denizens great and small." Chaz is probably the only biologist in Florida who doesn't know which direction the Gulf Stream flows. He misidentifies an Everglades marsh rabbit as a rodent before he blows it away with a .38. He cannot even identify the fish in his own aquarium: "Do I look like frigging Jacques Cousteau?"

After graduation, Chaz took a job generating junk science for a cosmetics company, covering up the tumors its perfumes caused in mice and bamboozling juries with his Ken-doll charm. But one day he spotted a headline about the $8 billion Everglades project, and "fortune appeared to Chaz in a mystical burst of green light." That was when Chaz offered his services as a "biostitute" to the other villain of *Skinny Dip*, a vegetable farmer and influence peddler named Red Hammernut, whose agribusiness has just been caught dumping phosphorous-laden runoff into the Everglades. Red had already weathered charges that he was keeping migrant workers as indentured servants in horrid squalor—the scandal had dimmed after he had the whistleblower murdered—but he was eager to avoid more unpleasant publicity. It was bad for his bottom line.

Red shares Chaz's contempt for the unruliness of nature, vastly preferring his orderly rectangular fields. He describes the Everglades as "God's septic tank," and "cared only slightly less about its wildlife than he did about the wretched souls who toiled for dirt wages in his crop fields." That is why he bankrolls Chaz to a doctorate in wetland science, then stashes him in a state government job measuring water pollution from Hammernut Farms. Thanks to Chaz's fictitious data, the farm's official phosphorous levels plunge from an astronomical 302 parts per billion to a perfectly legal 9. Red is so happy to avoid spending millions of dollars on filtration ponds, political bribes, and legal fees that he buys Chaz a yellow Hummer.

The main downside of Chaz's new job is that he has to hang out in the waterlogged morasses of the Everglades, too close for his comfort to panthers, gators, snakes, and mosquitoes. Here is a typical sampling expedition:

> A breeze fluffed the saw grass and combed ripples in the dark water. Coots tiptoed through the hyacinths and lilies, a young heron speared minnows in the shallows and a small bass went airborne to take a dragonfly. The place was thrumming with wildlife, and Chaz Perrone was miserable.
>
> Nothing about nature awed, soothed or humbled him—not the solitude or the mythic vastness or the primordial ebb and flow. To Chaz, it was all hot, buggy, funky-smelling and treacherous. He would have been so much happier on the driving range.... With a dirty shirtsleeve

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Chaz mopped the perspiration from his brow, thinking: What a steaming shithole this is! To think that the taxpayers of America are spending 8 billion bucks to save it.
>
> Suckers, Chaz thought. If they only knew.

Joey, by contrast, is a fine person, and like all good Hiaasen people—including Mick, the thug with a bullet in his butt, Joey's brother, and the detective investigating Joey's murder—she has an appropriate respect for Mother Nature. So when she first sets eyes on the vast expanse of the Everglades, she's overwhelmed by its golden ocean of sedge and stream: "That he never spoke of the place, except to gripe about the snakes and the insects, was even more stunning to Joey now that she'd finally seen it for herself. How could Chaz—a biologist, for God's sake—not be dazzled?"

The truth, though, is that the Everglades has a long history of failing to dazzle visitors. Its first explorers described it as a "repulsive," "worthless," "desolate," "God-abandoned" swamp. Guidebooks still warn tourists that it "takes some getting used to," that it "reveals its secrets slowly," that its appeal "may escape many visitors at first glance." It lacks the gaping canyons, rugged cliffs, and rolling hills that most Americans associate with dazzling scenery; it is mostly saw grass and shallow water. Even the first superintendent of Everglades National Park—a biologist, for God's sake—admitted that "there is nothing ... in the Everglades that will make Mr. Jonnie Q. Public suck in his breath." I'm currently writing about the Everglades full-time, and I would not say that it is dazzling. It is fascinating, unique, and important; and it is beautiful in a subtle way; and its future will say a lot about ours. But dazzling? I might get kicked out of the next Everglades Coalition conference for saying this, but most of the saw grass Everglades looks like a soggy Nebraska.

In *Skinny Dip*, though, the answer to Joey's question is that Chaz is a nasty man who just doesn't get it. That is why he is not awed by the swamp, and that is why he tries to kill his kind and beautiful wife, and that is why he is helping to kill the Everglades: "He had betrayed the wetlands as nonchalantly as he had betrayed Joey. He had sold out—this greedy swine she'd married—so that megatons of noxious crap could be pumped day and night into the glistening waters below. Maybe for someone as soulless as her husband it wasn't much of a reach, Joey thought, from killing a place to killing a person." Actually, it is a bit of a reach. The Everglades would be a lot easier to save if its only enemies were murderous swine and their noxious crap.

"The murder of the Everglades, as perpetrated by Red Hammernut and others, is insidiously subtle and undramatic," Hiaasen writes. The murder weapon is "the fertilizers pouring by the ton from the sugar-cane fields and vegetable farms of southern Florida." The perpetrators are the farmers whose farms poison the marshes of the Everglades, and their associates who help them get away with it. Hiaasen made the same point in *Strip Tease*, when the stripper with a heart of gold chastises the hideously corrupt congressman for his ignorance about the Everglades: "Where do you think our drinking water comes from? Out there, Davey. And your pals are pissing fertilizer into it." In *Skinny Dip*, Hiaasen portrays the $8 billion megaproject as an effort "to reduce the steady deluge of man-made fertilizers," to undo the damage inflicted by the Red Hammernuts of South Florida.

It makes for a good story, but it is not the true story. It is correct that as late as the 1980s, corporate farmers were using the Everglades as a sewer, contaminating it with runoff with as much as 300 parts per billion of phosphorus. It wasn't exactly "megatons of noxious crap"—phosphorus is a common nutrient, found in such toxic substances as Coca-Cola, baking powder, and human teeth—and most of the agricultural phosphorus had little to do with fertilizers; but it did have a destructive effect on the shallow-water ecosystem, which was naturally phosphorus-limited. The spongy algal mats at the bottom of the Everglades food chain began to disintegrate, and dense cattail stands began crowding out the panoramic swaths of saw grass that define the Everglades. So in 1988, the federal government filed a massive Clean Water Act lawsuit to force Florida and its farmers to deal with the mess. This led the state to enact the Everglades Forever Act of 1994, a $1 billion project designed to reduce phosphorus levels. It is completely separate from the $8 billion restoration initiative, even though Hiaasen often conflates them.

A decade ago, environmentalists lambasted Everglades Forever as a sellout straight out of a Hiaasen novel, because it extended the cleanup deadline until 2006, let well-connected polluters off the hook for two-thirds of its cost, and failed to define pristine phosphorus levels. Most scientists placed this level at 10 parts per billion, but the sugar industry's hired expert—the head of Duke University's wetlands program, where Hiaasen sends Chaz for his doctorate—initially calculated those levels at about 50. It looked like the fix was in.

But the fix wasn't in. The state eventually did choose 10 as its target, and its 40,000 acres of new filtration marshes—enough to cover Washington, D.C.—have performed better than anyone expected. Meanwhile, the farmers of the Everglades, who were required to reduce their discharges 25 percent per year, have cut them more than 50 percent per year. Last year, Governor Jeb Bush and a battalion of forty-six sugar lobbyists tinkered a bit with the deadlines and targets, inspiring an explosion of green outrage over the "Everglades Whenever Act." But the overall water-quality trend remains excellent, with phosphorus measurements as low as the teens. And no, those results are not being concocted by biostitutes like Chaz Perrone. They are real.

Everglades agribusinesses often live up to their dastardly reputation—trying

FAMILY FINANCIAL DIRECTOR/ PERSONAL CFO

Chairman of highly successful, multi-billion-dollar financial firm seeks exceptionally capable individual with superior intelligence and world-class credentials to oversee his and his family's financial affairs. Unusually strong problem-solving, research, communication and management skills are essential. Duties will include but not be limited to estate, tax, and investment planning as well as trust monitoring, charitable contributions, bill paying and consolidated reporting. Candidate will establish best practices, identify and implement operational and system enhancements, and recommend new initiatives. Exceptional intellectual ability and a demonstrated track record of outstanding achievement a must; legal and/or finance/accounting background a plus, but not required.

For more information, email your resume and a cover letter in strict confidence to: cfo6@spsfind.com. EOE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to bully the World Health Organization into declaring sugar a kind of miracle elixir, using their muscle to get Florida citrus exempt from free-trade deals, and generally forcing politicians to carry their water in Washington and Tallahassee. President Clinton interrupted his breakup with Monica Lewinsky to take a twenty-two-minute phone call from a Florida sugar baron, and Red Hammernut's typical ego wall—featuring photos of him chumming around with Clinton, both President Bushes, and a slew of Florida politicians—does help explain how farmers were allowed to poison the Everglades so flagrantly for so long. But they are cleaning up their act—not voluntarily, perhaps, but efficiently. Their runoff now contains less phosphorus than Evian. They are convenient scapegoats in campaigns and in novels, but they are not killing the Everglades.

IF DIRTY WATER WERE THE ONLY problem in the Everglades, there would be no need for the most ambitious ecosystem project in history. So who are the real killers? People, that's who. Jonnie Q. Public.

Before 1880, South Florida was almost completely uninhabited. The wetlands of the Everglades still flowed gently across most of the lower peninsula, not quite water but not quite land, too wet to farm but too dry to sail. But for most of the century that followed, a series of visionaries launched bold campaigns to drain the swamp for agriculture and development. Hiaasen sneers at their dreams as a "rapacious fantasy," but back then wetlands were considered wastelands, and nobody even considered trying to save them. The drainage crusaders didn't think of themselves as rapacious exploiters; they thought of themselves as progressive heroes. They wanted to put South Florida on the map, to convert a yucky swamp into America's winter garden. Hadn't God specifically instructed mankind to subdue the earth and take dominion over every living thing that moveth upon it?

Their efforts culminated in the postwar Central and Southern Florida Flood Control Project, the world's most elaborate water-management system, a labyrinth of dikes, ditches, and giant pumps that allows its operators to move almost any drop of rain that falls on the region almost anywhere they want. The project converted the northern Everglades into the Everglades Agricultural Area, a swath of farmland the size of Rhode Island just below Lake Okeechobee. It converted the central Everglades into glorified reservoirs and sumps. And it helped transform South Florida into a sprawling megalopolis with seven million residents and forty million annual tourists.

It also destroyed the Everglades. To be more precise, those millions of people whom it protects and serves have destroyed the Everglades. Their gated communities, strip malls, and golf resorts have obliterated half of it. The other half has been fragmented, obstructed, and otherwise convoluted by the latticework of canals and levees that keep them dry, and by the highways they have laid across the swamp. Their demand for drinking water parches the Everglades during droughts; their demand for flood control forces water managers to inundate the Everglades during storms. Yes, farm runoff has polluted the marshes, but suburban runoff pollutes the marshes, too. And water quality in the Everglades is not as lousy as water quantity, and its timing and distribution; the place now has the wrong amounts of water in the wrong places at the wrong times, which is why it is home to sixty-nine endangered species, including the wood stork, the crocodile, and the Florida panther.

South Florida's spectacular growth would have presented an ecological challenge even if it all took place on high ground that was suitable for development, like the coastal ridge that supports downtown Miami, Fort Lauderdale, and West Palm Beach. But most of the construction binge has taken place in low-lying wetlands—biological hot spots that provide kitchens and nurseries for wildlife, while filtering drinking water and absorbing floodwater for people. The result has been an ecological disaster, from the algal blooms that cloud South Florida's bays to the mercury contamination of the region's fish to the exotic vegetation that has overrun two million acres of the Everglades. Wall-to-wall sprawl has also threatened South Florida's underground aquifers, clogged its schools, hospitals, and highways, and confounded its hurricane evacuation plans. We have seen the enemy, as Pogo once said about another imperiled swamp, and it is us.

HIAASEN IS AS ANGRY AS ANYone about runaway sprawl. In *Skinny Dip*, Chaz lives in a laughably sterile suburban subdivision called West Boca Dunes Phase II; Tool demands to be paid extra to work as a bodyguard there. Here is Hiaasen's aerial view of the suburbs that are steamrolling the former Everglades, placeless places like Plantation and Pembroke Pines, Weston and Wellington:

> New subdivisions were erupting like cankers in all directions; thousands upon thousands of cookie-cutter houses, jammed together so tightly that it looked like you could jump from roof to roof for miles on end. Where there were no homes stood office parks, shopping plazas and enormous auto malls—acres and acres of Toyotas and Chryslers, cooking in the sun. Only a slender dirt levee separated the clamorous tide of humanity from the Everglades.

This is the real reason South Florida got an $8 billion megaproject. It wasn't about cleaning up after the insidious forces of agribusiness, which was already being done. It was about re-plumbing the region in order to re-create a viable and semi-natural Everglades alongside that clamorous tide of humanity—and the additional tide that is expected to roll in as the baby boomers start retiring. That will be a lot harder to do.

The Everglades restoration project, after all, was not designed to stop growth, to slow growth, or even to manage growth by steering it away from the Everglades. It was designed to promote growth. It is supposed to Get the Water Right—by restoring more natural flows in the Everglades, but also by providing flood control and water supply to accommodate twelve million South Florida residents by 2020. The flood-control and water-supply aspects are quite certain; the environmental aspects, not so much.

But that is not the result of a criminal conspiracy. It is the result of politics.

IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND WHY Florida environmentalists believe that the political process is broken: the Everglades has been getting screwed for decades. Florida certainly has a sick political culture, far too committed to growth at any cost, far too responsive to real estate and agribusiness interests, far too willing to sell off its natural heritage, and sometimes it really does resemble a Hiaasen novel. I know one earnest southwest Florida enviro who spent years trying to convince Collier County's commissioners that bio-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diversity was not some kind of communist plot—until it came out that most of the Collier County commissioners were accepting cash-stuffed envelopes from golf-course developers. She had not realized that the fix actually was in.

But usually the fix is not in. Florida's political process may not be particularly eco-friendly—although it has protected a million acres of land in the last decade—but it is much less corrupt than it used to be. The delusion that behind the scenes it is still a Carl Hiaasen novel has inspired some very counterproductive tactics. Last spring, for example, enviros paid for a billboard near the Islamorada home of Michael Collins, a Florida Bay fishing guide and Republican water official who was squabbling with them over water-quality standards. "Save the Bay, Save the Glades, Stop Mike Collins," the billboard said. "Call Mike Collins and tell him to STOP protecting polluters." Then it listed his home phone number, as if a public harassment campaign was going to persuade Collins and his allies to side with the enviros next time. I mention this particular episode because Mike Collins happens to be one of Carl Hiaasen's fishing buddies. He is cited in the acknowledgments of *Skinny Dip*. The enviros may assume that the Everglades is being sold out by a grand conspiracy of vile scum, as it always is in Hiaasen's novels, but Hiaasen himself apparently takes a more nuanced view.

This is not an argument for knee-jerk accommodationism. In fact, some Florida environmentalists are as quick to compromise as the others are quick to demonize, and all for the same reason: they believe the political process is rigged in favor of moneyed interests. So they lash out in frustration, or else they jump at the first deal that they are offered, or they do both. The $8 billion project's emphasis on water supply and flood control is a prime example of a compromise that could ultimately backfire on the Everglades.

It will all depend upon how things play out over the next three decades. And many environmentalists are understandably skeptical that the Army Corps of Engineers and the state of Florida will put the interests of the Everglades ahead of the interests of growth. I am skeptical, too. But who said restoring the Everglades would be easy? Today Florida's growth-obsessed political culture reflects Jonnie Q. Public's desire for low taxes and highway interchanges and zero-lot-line housing much better than it reflects his desire for a healthy Everglades that would protect the region's underground aquifers. But tomorrow it doesn't have to be that way. Someone just needs to persuade Jonnie.

This is an argument, in other words, for politics. When I try this dorky approach on my Florida friends, they laugh and tell world-weary stories about Elián González, or the butterfly ballot, or some unctuous lobbyist for Big Sugar, or a slimy condominium builder who bought off a local planning board. *You're naïve. You don't get Florida. It's different here.* But I think that they have read too many Hiaasen novels. "Only in Florida" has become a lazy trope, a lame excuse for hopelessness and inaction. There is no good reason that politics has to be different here. Sure, many people who live in Florida are from out of state, but that doesn't mean they can't take care of the place. Obviously people care a lot about making money down here, but where do people not care about making money?

Hiaasen's novels usually end with a wild slice of Florida being saved from the brink of development, and with Skink subjecting the greedy bastards behind the plot to a taste of swamp justice. But in the real world, the fight over the Everglades will be much duller. It will be hashed out through bureaucratic battles over growth-management plans, lake-release protocols, project-implementation reports, wetlands-construction permits, and similar eye-glazing nitty-gritty. It will be shaped by the green movement's ability to persuade Jonnie Q. Public to adjust his voting patterns and his living patterns. And it might require some pricey incentives to persuade Red Hammernut to return at least some of his land to nature instead of converting it into condos and parking lots.

Cynicism about politics has its place, particularly in Florida; but like it or not, a political process will determine whether Everglades restoration actually restores the Everglades. There will be no car chases, no murder investigations, no swamp vigilantes to make things right at the end. The good guys can whine that the game is rigged, or they can do a better job of playing it. Either way, it will all make an extremely boring novel someday. And Carl Hiaasen will not be the one to write it. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

Continued from page 4

that Arabs live in Israel and will continue to live there without any threat, but a new Palestinian state will be free of Jews? Jews may not even be able to come to certain holy sites to pray. I think what bothers Wieseltier is their orthodoxy, which he seems to view as something tragically backward, thus fulfilling his own claim that certain Jews consider some Jews more worthy than others.

IRINA FAYERBERG
Forest Hills, New York

LEON WIESELTIER RESPONDS:
Morton A. Klein and James Michael Price seem to suggest that to condemn anything Israeli is to condone everything Palestinian. This is an old rhetorical trick of the Jewish right. I need no lessons in the history of Palestinian atrocities and stupidities, but I do not believe that Israel is just the helpless victim of a people so much less powerful than itself. It is certainly true that Yasir Arafat will never negotiate a compromise and a peace; but just because the doctor hasn't found a cure for what ails my liver doesn't mean that I should keep drinking. And why should the safety of the streets in Tel Aviv and Haifa be held hostage to the disposition of tombs? Life, too, is holy. The spiritual satisfaction of Jewish believers is not the most urgent priority—it should be no priority at all—for the Jewish state.

I do not share Irina Fayerberg's admiration of the bravery of the settlers. They enjoy the protection of a mighty army, whose resources they gladly and irresponsibly divert. And Fayerberg has fallen for the preposterous conceit of today's settlers that they are the heirs of yesterday's settlers, the pioneers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries who established a Jewish society in the Jewish homeland and laid the foundations of the Jewish state. (*They* were brave.) Today's settlers are not making the state stronger, they are making it weaker.

As for the argument that every Israeli concession will be interpreted as a retreat: Its proponents should more candidly admit that they are for an eternal war, because it comes to the same thing. I cannot in good conscience condemn Israelis, or Palestinians, to such pessimism. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

House Divided

In the days before the election, there has been a boomlet of stories about politically mixed marriages. According to *The New York Times* Sunday Styles section, "In towns big and small across the country, couples and family members on opposite sides of the political fence are struggling to maintain amicable relationships as a highly polarized political season reaches its apex." My wife and I were pleased to learn that we are part of an amusing social trend—she's a Republican and I'm a Democrat. But, thankfully, our experience throughout the presidential campaign has not vindicated the *Times*' thesis.

When Democratic friends ask me about our mixed marriage, they tend to raise two questions: Do you fight all the time about politics? And, has she made you more conservative? (By contrast, Republican friends ask whether she has succeeded in converting me, which may confirm Democratic conspiracy theories.) But the answer to all three questions is no. We don't talk constantly about politics, but, when we do, our conversations often (although not always) have a moderating effect. This is consistent with studies of group polarization, which suggest that, when politically mixed groups deliberate, they move toward the middle, whereas, when like-minded people deliberate, they become more extreme.

Less significant than our partisan differences is the fact that we grew up on different planets: She went to fundamentalist Christian schools in Florida; I'm a private school kid from Manhattan. As a result, she's instinctively suspicious of Kerry's aristocratic hauteur, while I recoil from Bush's Texas swagger. But these are emotional reactions, not political arguments, and they end up concealing far more than they reveal.

There are some topics we've stopped discussing: Arguments about tax policy quickly go off the rails, even when she points out that we would pay a higher rate under Kerry's plan than Kerry would. But she has helped me to understand the difference between evangelical and fundamentalist Christians and to see why Bush, an evangelical, sometimes sounds like a therapeutic squish to his socially conservative base, which he has disappointed on issues ranging from stem cells to abortion. Having heard her unexpected and entirely human stories about growing up among Christian fundamentalists, I now understand that religion may be the most important aspect of Bush's private life, but it's hardly a reliable guide to his decisions as president: He follows the polls more closely than scripture.

This effort to see Bush in context hasn't made me like his tax policies any better, but it has prevented me from indulging in the over-the-top Bush hatred that my beloved parents and many esteemed friends and colleagues enjoy. Last year, with admirable candor, The New Republic's Jonathan Chait described how he hated everything about Bush—the way he walks, the way he talks, the fact that he reminded him of entitled classmates from high school ("Mad about You," September 29, 2003). Chait is one of the most analytically rigorous and convincing critics of Bush's tax policies—but might not his decision to wallow in his hatred of Bush run the risk of distorting his judgment?

Bush hatred is, of course, the mirror image of the Clinton hatred that drove otherwise intelligent people off the deep end during the 1990s. During this election, some of our Republican friends have tried to distinguish between these two forms of political pathology. Clinton hatred, they claim, was a rational response to Clinton's lies and abuse of power, while Bush hatred is an irrational response to who the president is rather than what he does. But this distinction is transparently unconvincing. Republicans hated Clinton for who he was—the way he walked, the way he talked, the fact that he reminded them of entitled classmates from high school—and they impeached him for his private misdeeds, which they unsuccessfully attempted to recast as high crimes.

In fact, Clinton, Bush, and Kerry hatred are all reflections of precisely the same phenomenon, which results from the transformation of politics into theater. In *The Fall of Public Man*, Richard Sennett argues that, as the old boundaries between public and private began to collapse in the nineteenth century and personality became the measure of trustworthiness, politicians began to relate to citizens in psychological terms. Sennett writes, "The modern charismatic leader destroys any distance between his own sentiments and impulses and those of his audience, and so, focusing his followers on his motivations, deflects them from measuring him in terms of his acts." Television has exponentially increased the personalization of politics, encouraging citizens to indulge the narcissistic conceit that their illusion of emotional connection with a politician is more important than his or her actions.

There has been a lively debate during this election about whether or not our politics are becoming more polarized. But, even if substantive disagreements are in fact real, our addiction to emotions and images makes them appear worse by encouraging voters to evaluate politicians in personal terms. This leads people to exaggerate their hatred for any candidate to whom they don't feel personally connected.

In a mixed marriage, it's less easy to approach the presidential race as a form of identity politics. My wife doesn't care whether Kerry reminds me of people with whom I went to high school, because she went to a very different high school. And vice versa. Because we can't appeal to shared prejudices, we have to try to persuade one another with less personal arguments. There are limits to how much of anyone's politics are open to persuasion, and, as a result, political arguments are seldom as interesting as arguments about history, culture, manners and mores, music, or what have you. But, after listening to an intelligent person you love try to make a rational case for the other guy, it's harder to worry that the world will end if your guy loses.

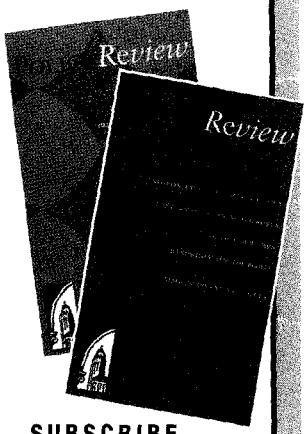
Still, there's nothing like a counterintuitive wager to soothe political disappointments. Long before the election (actually before September 11), my wife bet that Bush would be a one-termer, and I bet that he'd be reelected. The winner had to buy the loser a nice bottle of champagne. On election night, we toasted bipartisanship.

JEFFREY ROSEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutting-Edge Commentary on Public Policy

POLICY REVIEW



SUBSCRIBE
Receive six bimonthly issues for only $36 a year.

FREE ISSUE
Receive a complimentary issue of the latest Policy Review without obligation.

Call 877.558.3727 or visit www.policyreview.org

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

In the new issue of *Policy Review*

Neoconservatism's Liberal Legacy

Striking a balance between freedom and equality

Because we favor freedom and equality, and as a consequence of our general support for efforts to extend freedom and equality, we must also oppose demands for equality that impinge excessively on freedom and oppose demands for freedom that impinge on equality.

Whether one wishes to call this position "neoconservative" or something else, it is both "neo" and "conservative" in the sense that what is being conserved is our liberalism—its extension in time and space. . . . If neoconservatism has a claim for the superiority of its outlook, it is that the desire for freedom and the desire for equality are always present in liberal societies and liberal politics (indeed, they are the raw material of liberal society), whereas the striking of an acceptable balance between the two is not a given but a matter to be worked out by politics—a politics that can go badly wrong when the balance is wrongly struck, potentially with disastrously illiberal consequences.

—Tod Lindberg

The Persistence of North Korea

What has been keeping Pyongyang afloat?

My own work on the North Korean economy has generally been associated with what others have termed the "collapsist" school of thought, and not unfairly. As far back as June 1990, I published an op-ed essay titled "The Coming Collapse of North Korea"; since then, my analyses have recurrently questioned the viability of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea's (DPRK's) economy and system.

It is perhaps especially fitting, then, that having imagined the odds of the DPRK's post-Soviet survival to be very low, I should be charged with explaining just how the North Korean system has managed to survive these past 13 or 14 years—and to speculate about the possibility of sustainable pathways that might permit regime, state, and system to endure into the future.

—Nicholas Eberstadt

To read more, call 877.558.3727 for a free copy of the latest *Policy Review*.

HOOVER INSTITUTION

. . . ideas defining a free society

Hoover Institution Stanford University Stanford, CA 94305-6010 Tel: 877.466.8374 Fax: 650.723.1687 info@hoover.stanford.edu www.hoover.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH HER HELP, WE'RE CATCHING MORE RAYS THAN EVER BEFORE.

Over the vast distances of space, our sun expends tremendous amounts of energy. In fact, the earth receives more energy from the sun in just one hour than the world uses in a whole year.

For over 25 years, Terry Jester, Senior Director of Engineering, and her team at Shell Solar Industries LP have been involved in finding new and ever more sophisticated ways of harnessing this power.

Already, thanks to the work of Terry, the cost of producing solar electricity has been cut in half over the last 10 years. Shell Solar will keep working to reduce the costs to harness the sun's power, so this source of energy can brighten the lives of many and not just the few.

Want to find out more? Visit the Shell Solar website at www.shell.com/newenergies.

"Shell Solar" refers to a global business of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group and consists of separate companies set up to pursue and develop business opportunities related to solar energy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED